

June Fiction Colliers

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY
DO NOT REMOVE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



OLD KING COLE



Mural Decoration in the Café of the Hotel Knickerbocker, New York. Painted by Maxfield Parrish

COPYRIGHT 1909 BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

He called for his pipe, and he
called for his bowl;

Containing Three Stories:

“WHERE THIEVES BREAK IN”
BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON
THE KING OF COCOANUT ISLAND
BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS
THE THREAD OF GOLD
BY STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

YOU may wonder why, in our advertising, we talk so much about "all-wool," and the all-wool standards of quality which we are so earnestly advocating.

One thing we'd like to have you know; we are persistent in the matter, not so much for the purpose of increasing the sale of our clothes as for the purpose of stimulating a higher standard of merchandise-quality in the clothing business. We are not greatly in need of more business, but the makers of clothing in general are greatly in need of a better idea of quality in the business.

And the best way to create such a better idea in the business, is to arouse it in the minds of the public. When you men who wear clothes decide that you will insist on all-wool fabrics and will accept no other; when you decide that the maker or seller of your clothes must give you a positive assurance on this point, then cheap cotton mixtures will take their proper place.

We're willing to do our part of this educational work for the common good.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers

Write for Free Book "Care of the Shoes"

You can have this valuable booklet sent to you without cost by simply writing to us giving name and address and telling us where you saw this advertisement. The booklet gives full instruction as to proper care of shoes so that they will wear twice as long and always look fresh and new. We give away these booklets both by mail and through shoe dealers who handle our new shoe dressing. It is one of our ways of advertising the new shoe polish,

AaA1



**Shoe
Polish**

"Double A—A One"

The Best Shoe Polish

It is made of Oil, Wax and a little Dye and therefore every bit of it does the leather good. It takes a high polish with only three or four rubs of a dry cloth.

There is less work to shine shoes with "DOUBLE A-A ONE" than to put them on. While made particularly for women's and children's shoes it is equally good for men's.

100 Shines for Only 25c

If your shoe man is not yet supplied, send 25c for a full sized sample and an 18-inch polishing cloth, by mail.

S. M. BIXBY & CO., New York City, U.S.A.

**Wear Loose Fitting
B. V. D.**

Trade Mark Registered U. S. Pat. Office

**Coat Cut Undershirts and
Knee Length Drawers**

50c. and upwards a garment

You'll enjoy the pleasant freedom of motion that they allow. You'll delight in the cool comfort that B. V. D.'s afford. You'll be gratified with their long wear, because they are made from thoroughly tested woven materials.

You'll be pleased with their shapely, generous cut; their neat, attractive finish.

Every B. V. D. garment is

Identified Only By This Red Woven Label



Write for Booklet "B"—"THE COOLEST
THING UNDER THE SUN"

THE B. V. D. COMPANY, NEW YORK

Makers of B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. 4-30-07)
and B. V. D. Sleeping Suits



Copyright 1909
THE B.V.D. CO., N.Y.

An All-Around Stove

Your kitchen may be well planned—everything apparently handy—yet if there is not a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove in it, the one greatest convenience of all is lacking.

The "New Perfection" is a home and family stove—big enough and powerful enough to do all you'd ever ask a cooking-stove to do, and, best of all, it does its work without overheating the kitchen. The



NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is built with a CABINET TOP just like a modern range. It is the most convenient stove ever made and is almost indispensable to summer comfort.

Three sizes. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Top. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

The **Rayo LAMP** is the most perfect all-round home light. Has large font, best and latest center draft burner and beautiful porcelain shade. Nothing complicated about the Rayo—easily cleaned, easily managed. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.



STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

The 1909 catalogue of

Collier Art Prints

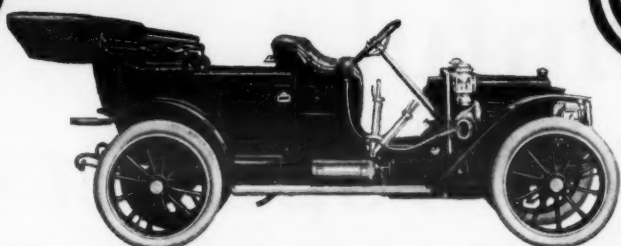
contains 132 illustrations of

the works of Maxfield Parrish, Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington, Jessie Willcox Smith and other foremost American artists. A feature of the book this year is a series of full-page pictures and intimate sketches of the artists themselves.

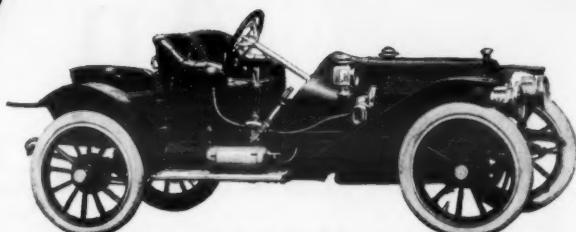
For 15 Cents we will send you this Book prepaid and
Rebate the 15 cents with your first purchase of \$1.00 or more.

This book is a thing of beauty and of educational value—too valuable to send free—but when you realize that it contains 20 Gibson reproductions, 25 Remingtons, and Maxfield Parrish's beautiful Arabian Nights and Wonder Tales Prints, Edward Penfield's Animal Pictures for the Nursery, Jessie Willcox Smith's Pictures of Children—132 in all, it is certain you will want the book and some of the pictures as well. Mail 15c. in stamps. Address

Print Dept., P. F. Collier & Son, 413 W. 13th St., New York



Herreshoff Touring Car, 24 H. P. \$1500; with magneto, Prest-O-Lite Tank, and gas lamps \$1650; and with top \$1750. All prices f. o. b. Detroit



The Herreshoff Runabout, 24 H. P. \$1500; with magneto, gas lamps, and Prest-O-Lite Tank, \$1650; and with top \$1725. All prices f. o. b. Detroit

HERRESHOFF

A New Standard In Motor Car Construction

THE Herreshoff Car is an expression of an entirely new idea in motor car manufacture. It is not a car built to sell for \$1500, but is a smaller edition of the highest priced cars with all their excellence and elegance, which happily can be sold at that figure. Our endeavor has been to produce a car of light weight of as excellent design and careful workmanship as the big expensive cars and built of the same materials. We have approached its production in a wholly different spirit from that which has previously actuated the small car manufacturer.

The name Herreshoff has never been associated with anything but the highest type of production. Charles

F. Herreshoff has maintained this standard in the Herreshoff Car. He is responsible for the entire design of the car, which follows the best and proven mechanical principles. In the production of the car he has employed the best materials and every detail is as carefully thought out as in the cars of highest price.

Harry S. Houpt has had as wide experience in the sale of motor cars as any one identified with the industry. For five years he has conducted investigations, taking down in the repair shop in connection with his garage nearly all types of American and foreign cars. He has expended in racing for experimental purposes possibly more money than any other

motor car manufacturer. We believe, therefore, he is qualified to judge motor car values. It is on this account that he is willing to put his guarantee behind Herreshoff's and behind the guarantees of the makers of such parts as are best made by specialists who have been called upon in the production of the car.

The car speaks for itself. No car at any price is better finished, has more grace of line, or better workmanship or material. Its power is ample to drive it at a speed of 45 to 50 miles an hour or to climb any hill anywhere. Its riding qualities and easy handling cannot be adequately described but must be demonstrated. We are demonstrating them daily.

The Herreshoff Car

THE especial merit of the Herreshoff Car is its extreme simplicity and efficiency. Every principle employed in it is proven good practice. In the ingenious application of these principles the car is unique. Use of the best materials permits the reduction of weight without sacrifice of stability. Light weight means economy and easy handling. The owner of a high powered car pays an inordinately high price for the usual service to which he puts his car when he could use a light car more satisfactorily as well as more economically.

The peculiar efficiency of the Herreshoff Car is derived from the correct inter-relation of its parts.

Each individual part is designed to harmonize with every other part. By designing both the intake manifolds and the valves to suit the cylinders, by designing the exhaust manifold and valve to relieve the cylinders quickly, by designing the carbureter to feed gas into the cylinders at the proper velocity at all speeds of the motor, the maximum efficiency of the engine is secured.

The unit power plant and simple shaft and rear axle construction, with an absolutely horizontal straight line drive, conserve the power developed so that more power is delivered to the rear wheels in proportion to the cylinder size than in any other car in the market. It has greater horse-

power per pound of weight—and larger tires and larger brakes in proportion—than any other car. These are factors of the greatest moment to the car owner. Its economy of running expense and upkeep will commend it.

As wholesale dealers, we have disposed of our entire product for the year, and we could dispose of double the number without difficulty. At our various agencies there are a limited number of these cars for retail sale which can be delivered promptly. We invite inspection of them and the opportunity to demonstrate them. Inquiries addressed to us will be forwarded to the nearest dealer.

Manufactured by The Herreshoff Motor Co. at Detroit exclusively for

WE ARE NOW PREPARED
TO ASSIGN TERRITORY
FOR 1910 AGENCIES

Harry S. Houpt Co.

Broadway and Sixty-Eighth Street, New York City

WE ARE NOW PREPARED
TO ASSIGN TERRITORY
FOR 1910 AGENCIES

The Herreshoff Car does not take the place of the big car but supplements it. The place it fills among light cars the Houpt will fill among high-powered cars. Each in its class establishes a new standard.

The Houpt will represent to the big car user the best thought in automobile design,—the final word in motor car construction. The car is now being manufactured at our factory in Bristol, Conn., in two types:

A 60 horse power 4 cylinder car with 127 inch wheel base, weighing 3100 pounds.
A 90 horse power 6 cylinder car with 140 inch wheel base, weighing 3900 pounds.

Each will be made in touring car, tourabout, runabout, limousine, landaulet, and brougham bodies. They will be ready for delivery in midsummer.

ADDRESS AGENCY DEPARTMENT C FOR CATALOGUE OR FURTHER INFORMATION

An Armful of Burning Newspapers

We have perfected a heating system so sensitive that the flames from an armful of newspapers will send a glow of warmth over every radiator in the house.

A system which insures plenty of heat *everywhere*—on the coldest day of January; and perfect comfort without overheating, on cool evenings in June.

A system so flexible, and so economical of fuel that it pays its own cost and saves its own maintenance.

And its *first* cost is no more than that of common heating systems.



"RICHMOND"

Boilers

Radiators

The Richmond System of heating represents the climax of inventive ingenuity.

Compare the Richmond boiler, for instance, with any other boiler for producing steam or hot water:

You will find that the same fire which in common boilers heats 90 square feet of water surface, heats in the Richmond, 128 square feet, or over 40 per cent more. Think of it!

You will find that instead of the cumbersome, heavy iron castings enclosing the water circulation of common boilers, there is no waste metal in the Richmond to absorb costly heat.

Strong, Even Castings

The castings commonly used in boilers are too thick in some places—too thin in others. The castings used in Richmond boilers are uniform. They are stronger than common castings, but because of their evenness, waste no heat.

The flues used in common heaters deliver

the burned gases and smoke to the chimney before it is half used.

While our *diving flue* forces the fire to travel over the heating surfaces until its heat-giving power is exhausted.

You will find that common heaters are perched on separate bases and that the cold water enters them at the fire level.

The result is that the fire is chilled and that for two inches around the edge of the fire box, where fire is most needed, there is nothing but dead ashes.

Adds Strength—Lessens Cost

The water line of the Richmond extends to the bottom of the ash pit. This water base level adds strength and lessens cost.

But more, it absorbs the heat of the ashes and warms the water before it reaches the fire. The result is that the Richmond boilers have no dead line of ashes or clinkers adjoining the water surfaces—but instead a hot burning line of flame.

There are countless other points of economy and of efficiency which are to be found

only in Richmond systems. Points of superiority to be found in the ash pit, in the fire box, in the water circulation, in the regulation devices and in the radiators and their control.

Find Out For Yourself

The selection of heating system, whether it be for a home, a public building, a factory or a business block, is too important to leave to the judgment of others.

By inefficiency it may render comfort impossible; by improper design it may run the coal bill into an endless extravagance.

Write Us

If you contemplate building, please write us for full details of the new Richmond system of heating, which saves itself on costs and pays for itself on maintenance.

Address in the West

Cameron, Schroth, Cameron Co.

Western Distributors for

Richmond Boilers and Radiators
189 Michigan Street, Chicago

"RICHMOND" Bath Tubs and Enameled Ware

If you are about to build, investigate, too, the Richmond line of enameled ware. Everything in enameled ware, from kitchen sinks

to bath tubs, which bears the name, "**RICHMOND**" is the best that can be made, less expensive in the beginning and in the end.

THE MCCRUM-HOWELL CO. 49 East 20th Street, New York City

New Address after June 15th, Park Avenue and 41st Street

COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

Special Information about Summer Resorts

Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.

BOSTON, MASS.

* **United States Hotel** Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A.P. \$3. E.P. \$1 up. In center of business section.

CHICAGO, ILL.

* **Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gaiety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

* **Broadway Central Hotel** Only N.Y. Hotel featuring foundation of enormous business. A.P. \$2.50. E.P. \$1.

WHY PAY EXTRAVAGANT HOTEL RATES?
* **CLENDENING APARTMENT HOTEL** 198 W. 103 Street. Select. Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath \$1.50 daily and up. Write for booklet & with map of city.

* **Latham** 5th Ave. and 28th St. New fireproof hotel. Very heart of New York. 350 rooms, \$1.50 and up. With bath, \$2 and up. H. F. Ritchey, Manager.

PITTSBURG, PA.

* **Hotel Henry** 5th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of business section. Modern fireproof. European plan \$1.50 and up. E. E. Bonnevillie, Mgr.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

* **Powers Hotel** recently remodeled and refurbished. A perfect first-class hotel. Sanitary ventilation; Rathskeller. European plan.

ST. LOUIS

* **American Hotel** Absolutely fireproof. European plan. Finest hotel in heart of St. Louis; everything new. \$1.50 up. Every room with bath.

HEALTH RESORTS

WALTER PARK, PA.

The Walter (Hotel) Sanitarium Only 4 hours from New York. 94 min. from Phila., Wernersville Sta., Reading Ry.

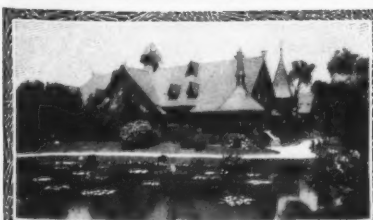
SUMMER RESORTS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

* **Chalfonte** ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

* **The Clifton** Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.



Post Cards

made from your photos

\$5.00 per 1000

Send us a photograph of any kind or size and we will furnish you 1,000 Biotone Post Cards for \$5.00.

Quadtone colored post cards, \$8.50 per 1,000 for 2,000 of a subject. These are far superior to hand colored cards. Send 4 cents (stamps) for free samples and complete information.

Day and Night Service.

Barnes-Crosby Company

E. W. HOUSER, Pres.

Artists: Engravers: Catalog Makers
215 Madison Street, Chicago
Branch Office in fifteen principal cities.

Collier's

Saturday, May 29, 1909



June Fiction Number

Old King Cole. Cover Design. Painted by Maxfield Parrish	
Readjusting Conditions in Turkey. Photographs	8
Editorials	9
Mohamed V, the New Sultan of Turkey, Assumes the Throne. Photographs	11
"Where Thieves Break In." Story. Josephine D. Bacon Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens	12
Decoration Day. Poem. Bliss Carman Decorated by Alfred Brennan	15
North, East, South, and West. Double-page Drawing by Charles Dana Gibson	16-17
The Thread of Gold. Story. Stephen French Whitman Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty	18
Medals for the Men of the Hour. Illustrated with Photographs	19
The King of Cocoanut Island. Story. Frederick U. Adams Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck	20
What the World is Doing. Illustrated with Photographs	22
Comment on Congress. Mark Sullivan	24
For the Reader of Books	30

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

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LONDON: 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street Leicester Square, W. C.

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Volume XLIII

Number 10

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 5

ADVERTISER AND PUBLISHER

AS you go over Collier's week after week, just remember the important part that advertisers play in connection with the paper, and this is true of all the best periodicals. Without the thousands of dollars the advertisers pay for space, it would be necessary for publishers to raise their subscription prices to a prohibitive figure. In fact without advertisers the high-class weeklies and monthlies would have to suspend. This seems like paying a big tribute to advertisers. Well, they are entitled to it.

Collier's works on the theory that a conscientious publisher should consider the revenue, resulting from increasing circulation and increased advertising, as a reinvestment fund

for the benefit of his readers, by using it to improve the quality of the periodical and the quantity of interesting matter without increasing the cost of the publication to its readers.

The 10 cents that you pay for Collier's is not enough to pay for the art and editorial matter it contains and for the cost of printing and mailing it. The deficit is paid out of the advertising revenue. It is easily understood, then, what part advertisers play, and, as we admit none but responsible ones, it is to our interest to tell you these things so that you may place the same confidence in them that we do.

Think of this when you go over the business section of the paper!

E. C. PATTERSON

Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Standardized Merchandise"

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Ever-Ready Safety Razor

\$1
With 12 Blades

The best money can buy—guaranteed. Over a million "Ever-Ready Razors" shaving happy men every day. Buy and try an outfit complete for \$1.00 including 12 finest blades. Extra Blades 10 for 50c. At dealers everywhere or by mail. American Safety Razor Co. 320 Broadway, New York

LITHOLIN
COLLARS & CUFFS

THE TRAVELER'S FRIEND

If you travel, wear LITHOLIN Waterproof Linen Collars and Cuffs. They save "carrying space" in the grip, "stop-overs" for delayed laundry, and make you comfortable. You know your collar is in shape always, and clean—or that you can make it white as new in a minute with a damp cloth. Never wilt, or fray. The same collar you have always worn, only waterproofed. All styles and sizes. If you don't travel, wear LITHOLIN just the same, and save expense.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.
Always sold from a RED box. Avoid substitution.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Styles located on request.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY
Dept. 3 7 Waverly Place New York

A Gibson Head
IN FULL COLORS
25 CENTS

"Gertrude" is one of the most popular Gibson heads ever drawn. It is handsomely printed in colors on the best art paper, giving a most pleasing and dainty effect. Size, 11 x 13 inches, at 25 cents. Order from any reliable art dealer in the U. S. or Canada. Or, will be sent postpaid on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Address Print Dept., Collier's, 412 W. 13th St., New York
If you will send us 15 cents in stamps, we will mail you a copy of our new Print Catalogue.

The Refined Motor

3 and 6 actual Horsepower, not over-rated. Weight 60 and 110 pounds. Five years' successful record.

All Refined Motors are guaranteed against defective material or poor workmanship during the life of the Motor. Also guaranteed the best Motor of their type in the world. Send for Catalog.

TRALL MOTOR COMPANY
41 East Fort St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

24 HOURS A WEEK
100 CANDLE POWER

Makes and burns its own gas and produces a pure white, steady, safe, 100 candle power light. No wick, smoke, dirt, grease or odor.

THE BEST LIGHT

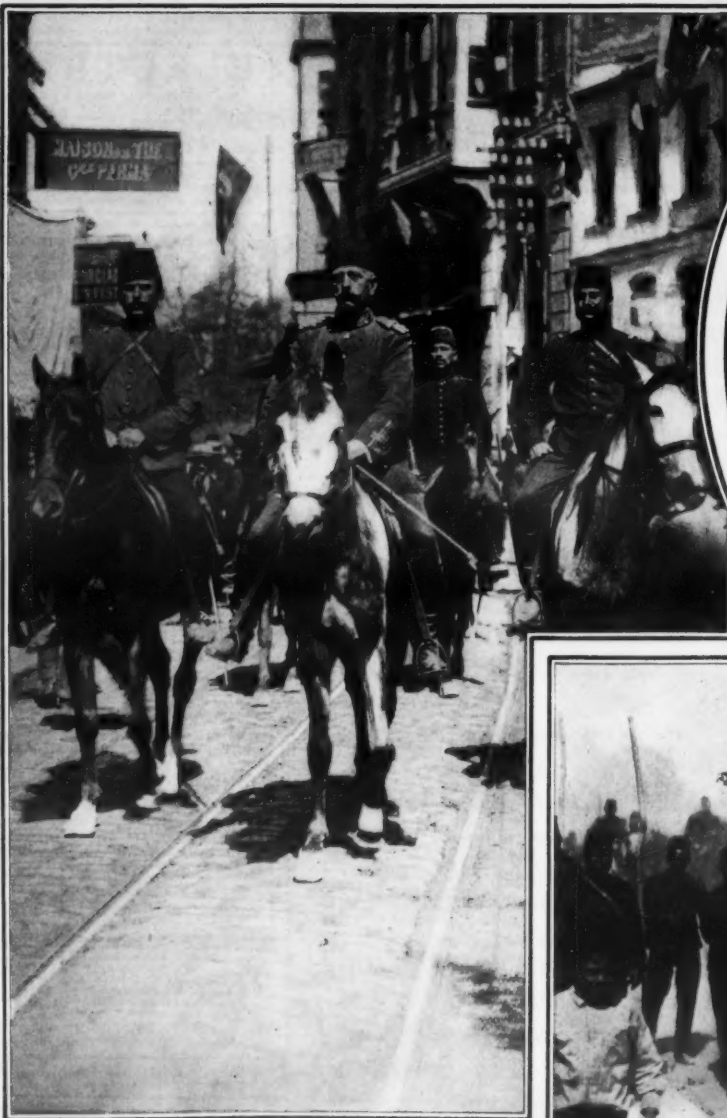
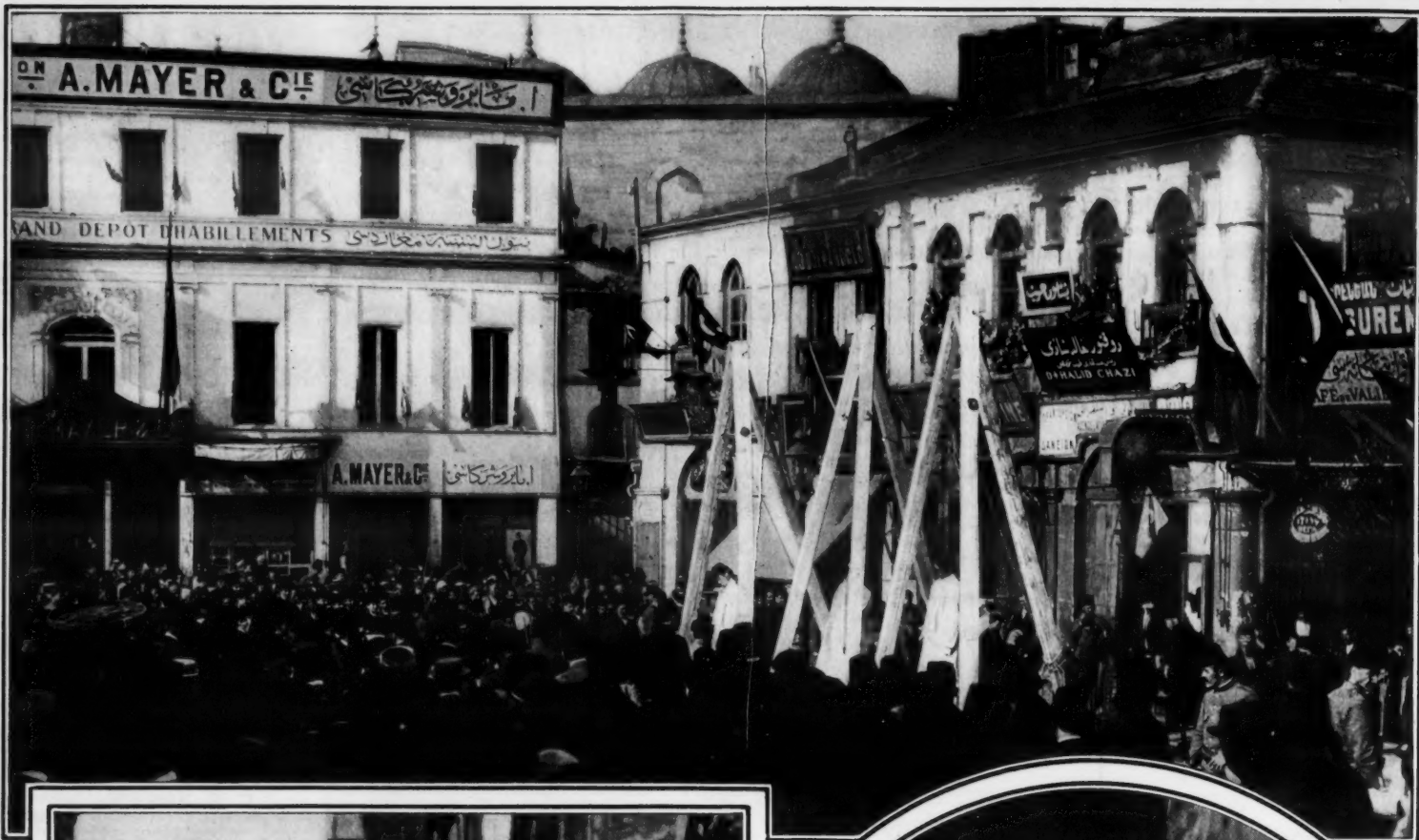
Lighted instantly. Over 200 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
7-35 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

"SEE AMERICA FIRST"

Send for circular "Rates and Routes" to the Pacific Coast, Alaska-Yukon Exposition, California, Colorado, Canadian Rockies, Yellowstone Park, Grand Canyon of Arizona, etc., etc., to

MARSTERS TOURS
31 W. 30th St., NEW YORK—298 Washington St., BOSTON



Readjusting Conditions in Turkey

The upper photograph pictures summary justice as meted out by the courts-martial of the Young Turks to those of Abdul Hamid's partisans who incited mutiny and were treacherous to the Constitutional cause. As an example to the whole people, many of those condemned were hanged in the streets, from the bridges and in the public squares of Constantinople.—The central figure of the three officers on horseback is Chevet Pasha, the general in command of the Young Turks army, riding into Stamboul after the taking of Yildiz Kiosk.—The other photographs show soldiers of the Constitutional army searching a priest for seditious pamphlets, and the band of one of the Salonica regiments of the Young Turks army swinging through a street of Constantinople on the day of the city's capture



Collier's

The National Weekly

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

May 29, 1909

Action

MR. ROOSEVELT'S THOUGHTS ON TOLSTOY have naturally aroused attention, since their publication in the "Outlook." "I doubt if his influence has really been very extensive among men of action." Just who is this Man of Action? Mr. ROOSEVELT and others have been busily and reverently creating credit for him, but what Man is he? The Man of Action has a slight smack of the Man of Destiny. He is of faint kin to the Man in the Iron Mask. Mr. ROOSEVELT makes him the final test for literature as well as for other values. Imagine some such fragile growth as "The Eve of St. Agnes" brought to the Man of Action. "This will never do," says he. "I rather like it," he declares of some bouquet of TENNYSON. A few years ago the Man of Action was the great financier, running insurance or railroads. An obscuration took place, and several heroes resigned, died, or became insane. About every other century the worship of "action" returns to trouble this world with the notion that there is some virtue in action for itself. With it enters the companion idea that "action" consists in keeping busy in the external world. It means detonation, running about, jostling, talking, redistributing atoms. A man of our acquaintance is a physician who is forever working at experiments in an unfrequented office. He would blink among a Tennis Cabinet or at a gathering of politicians. He is unhappy in "rough-house" gayety. Discoveries and certain adaptations which he has made have lessened the death-rate among babies. The Man of Action, with bristling voice and busy ways, would deem the little doctor a feeble soul. He is not masterful. He clatters not about his victories. Mr. ROOSEVELT sheds no light when he condemns the world-figure and world-influence of TOLSTOY. He is right, we believe, in putting high value on his fiction; wrong in failing to appreciate the inspiration which the great Russian has been to a world which so easily tires of difficult, spiritual, patient, and long-continued work.

Chairs

CARLYLE WINS GLORY still with his reflections about clothes. Why has the chair never tempted essayists to rival "Sartor Resartus"? It, too, may reflect authority. It, too, changes with salary and station. The swivel gives orders to the high-desk stool. The straight-back chair of the stenographer differs much in meaning from the ampler piece of furniture which stands before the roll-top desk. In a wheel chair the child may see the world, and, after his pilgrimage, now an aged man, he may collect a little air. There are the chair of state and the electric chair of execution. The empty chair is a metaphor for all that is most tragic in our lives. What are the dreams of the artist's stool, and what of the milkmaid's, and which signify the more? How the rocking chair has been written about and despised by the haughty traveler from abroad, and how firm it stands—a great American conquest in domestic comfort. Around the chair also, and the attitude in which we sit, lie associations of our mental state:

"The editor sat in his sanctum, his countenance furrowed with care.
His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at the top of a chair."

When does thought come best from seat of ease and when from the severer bench, on which the schoolboy of old was wont to sit? You get the idea,—now go ahead with the immortal essay. All you need is concentrated thought and literary genius.

Cash Girls

HERE IS AN ADVERTISEMENT which seems to have about it a suggestion of movement and of changing times:

"Enrich Brothers require cash girls. Promotion guaranteed to good girls; those who prove satisfactory have the advantage of evening instruction, library, and club membership free of charge."

Not elaborate these privileges, perhaps, but indicating that in the struggle, now waging, for happier human life, steady pressure, evenly applied and laid on with patience and good cheer, has not yet had the measure of its possibilities fully taken. Enrich Brothers presumably offer only what they must to obtain and keep cash girls. How long since would such an advertisement have seemed the proper method of securing help? Until in the progress of events some one invents a dustless battle, fighting in the thick of events must be done with little opportunity to see vantage-grounds most newly gained. Sometimes there is a sudden clearing and a revelation of new-won territory that surprises and gives hope.

Representation

WHAT A COMEDY is this tariff business at Washington, what a spectacle! A collection of adults, pretending to represent the people of the United States, when each in reality is fighting blindly for one locality or one group. How many men, in the Senate or the House of Representatives, in any sufficient way consider the welfare of the eighty million? Are there six? Limitations are to be expected in human beings. He who chaffs at shortcomings has but little understanding. It would seem, however, as if this degree of narrowness were extreme. It is our guess at present that the time will sometime come when a neighborhood can send to Congress any man from any State, instead of being forced to an absurdly local choice. If Illinois has no man whom it desires for the Senate, why should it not look to California or Massachusetts? Men elected under a broader system would probably study questions more on their merits than does the average gentleman now engaged in pulling for some petty industry of his own environment or some petty interest which helped elect him.

Indians

BUILDING A STATUE, heroic in size and conspicuous in location, to the vanishing Indian has at least an imaginative value. Whether the red men had all the virtues seen by COOPER, or all the vices seen by PARKMAN, they still stand pathetically as victims, exterminated by the white man's progress. He lied, no doubt, he changed his mind, he used the deadly rifle and the deadly whisky, but back of all incidents lay a more terrible fact, in which all these are swallowed up—the white man's need. We talk of right and wrong, and occasionally the distinction is clear; but who shall say it was wrong that the Indian should be exterminated? Had there been no trickery, no whisky, no needless cruelty, he would still have had to die. It is becoming, nevertheless, for the vanquisher to raise a memorial to the conquered. It is fitting to mark in this way a repentance over some unnecessary sins, and a deeper sorrow at the tragedy that was beyond avoidance.

American Germans

THE CLOSING of two American theaters in which German plays were produced has called out various explanations, one of which at least is true. Germans become nationalized easily wherever they go. Those who emigrate to the United States usually arrive equipped with some knowledge of our tongue and life, quickly extend their study of both, before long speak English with fluency and adopt our customs. You will often meet Germans here who decline to answer you in German. If you address them in that language they reply in English. Many children born here of people who came from the Fatherland can neither read nor talk the language of their parents. The closing of the German theaters, therefore, grows from the same causes which make of German immigrants such excellent American citizens.

Crusades

CRUSADING EASILY PASSES out of focus and out of perspective. It tends to a fury of praise or attack. The desire to score points, to heap up climaxes, grows on the practitioner. Take an article on "The Indecent Stage," published in an excellent periodical. The author, who has shown unusual ability both in investigation and in style, has here set out to prove something and to prove it hard. Some recent dramas have had salacious elements. The magazine writer decides to touch up this situation. If interpreted, rendered exactly as it is, it would make good reading now and a useful record in times to come. But this does not suffice. The author makes of the dozen unwholesome dramas a Saturnalia. He summons an atmosphere of decaying Rome—favorite device of those who specialize on evil. KIPLING's schoolboy used to yell: "Watch me gloat." Even so our excellent friend and valued writer gloats on the festering trail. By isolating smutty blocks of dialogue, by writing in a heated way, he creates an effect that is momentarily gripping, but is no more of a contribution than an "Evening Journal" headline. After such a bout it is a relief to glide into the cool, easy prose of TPACKERAY, because it is beyond all temporary cleverness. It sheds a steady light. It does not crack off into sparks. The historian of the future must discount much popular writing. Over-emphasis is too characteristic of the general style. When men write with artificial emphasis the result may be high-colored, but it is doomed to perish early.

Real Dramas

LISTS OF GOOD PLAYS always have an interest, which naturally is greater if these dramas actually have been produced. A year ago we spoke with approval of the repertory of the Donald Robertson company of players, which finds increasing favor with the residents of Chicago. During the season just past the following were among the plays which they produced:

MILTON'S "Comus."
 THOMAS WOOD STEVENS and WALLACE RICE'S "Chaplet of Pan."
 RICHARD BURTON'S "Rahab."
 IBSEN'S "John Gabriel Borkman."
 GOETHE'S "Torquato Tasso."
 LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH'S "The Art of Life."
 VOLTAIRE'S "The Prodigal."
 GOLDONI'S "The Curious Mishap."
 BROWNING'S "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon."

For next season the plan is:

ALFIERI'S "Saul."
 CALDERON'S "Mayor of Zalameya."
 ECHEGARAY'S "The Stigma."
 MOLIÈRE'S "Tartuffe."
 MARIVAUX'S "The Game of Love and Chance."
 SHAKESPEARE'S "Timon of Athens."
 SHERIDAN'S "The Critic."
 SHELLEY'S "The Cenci."
 BROWNING'S "The Return of the Druses."
 SUDERMANN'S "Happiness in a Corner."
 HEIJERMAN'S "Links."
 VAN EIJDEN'S "The Ice Brand."
 IBSEN'S "The Vikings at Helgeland."
 BJÖRNSSON'S "Marriage."

The list looks good, does it not? Mr. ROBERTSON is steadily increasing his audience, and is willing to wait for a building until a sufficient public demand has been created.

The Other Side

PPOINTERS TO THE PUBLIC are being put out by a certain street-railway company in a manner that shows intelligence, and in a spirit of friendliness and reason. This road admits its duty of introducing all possible safety devices, but it adds some clear opinions about the part of American impatience and carelessness in causing accidents. Men stand on the steps and jump on or off cars in motion. Women step off backward. Vehicles tear madly down the cross streets. Children steal rides and make the streets their home. Companies can do something to reduce accidents, but the public must do the rest.

Machine Guns and Worship

THE BRITISH EMPIRE is called to repentance. Troubled Englishmen ask for a period of religious fervor that shall rival the intensity of the Savonarola days. This brooding sense of divine immanence is to carry with it a régime of rifle practise and a preparedness for the battle-field. The "Spectator" acutely says: "Peace in itself is no more virtuous than sleep." Most encouraging of all the tidings from the danger-girt isle is the report made by the school of gunnery to the army council, that the horse and field batteries of the Royal Artillery, armed with the modern quick-firing guns, are growing in efficiency. The "Evening Standard" puts it thus: "It is reported that the arming of the batteries with modern guns has raised a new spirit, which one general aptly calls 'the quick-firing spirit.' Such good guns as those now in use have raised an enthusiasm, the value of which can not be overestimated." Alas, these things do not stir the hearts of the youth in the land as once they did. There are times when an unbidden depression steals over us, suggesting that perhaps a something fierce and powerful has passed out of life forever. If that lust of carnage once goes, no faculty for prayer, no quality of mercy, no grasp of science, no wisdom in council, no tenderness in the home, can ever bring the ancient glory to the nation that has lost that battle fervor. But let us not be too ironical. It is easy for enlightened Americans to feel the anachronism of war. An Englishman is in a different light. It is no small thing to him that his country in all seriousness is threatened. This danger may be the cause of hysteria, but danger nevertheless there is.

An Upright Judge

WHEN WE SPOKE last week of the case of Judge MACK, it was not because he is the only judge who is seeking reelection against unfair opposition in Chicago. His associates, Judges BRENTANO and CARPENTER, also amply deserve reelection. We selected the case of MACK, because the opposition seemed most intense, and because his standing was so striking. Outside of his admirable record on the bench, the measure of his general activity as a citizen is indicated by these positions:

Professor at the University of Chicago Law School, formerly Professor at the Northwestern University Law School; President of Friends of Russian Freedom, of Milk Commission of Chicago, of League for Protection of Immigrants, of National Conference of Jewish Charities, of Harvard Club of Chicago; Vice-President of Children's Hospital Society of Chicago, of Society for Social Hygiene of Chicago, of National Conference on Dependent Children, of Associated Jewish Charities of Chicago, of American Jewish Committee; Member of the Executive Committee (and formerly President) of the National Conference of Jewish Charities, of National Conference of Charities and Corrections, of Chicago Tuberculosis Institute, of Civil Service

Reform Association, of Chicago School of Philanthropy and Civics; Director and formerly Vice-President of City Club of Chicago; Member of Publication Committee of the Survey; Member of Board of Directors of the Playground Association of Chicago.

Rather obviously, a man whose life takes this direction is not opposed to the welfare of the poor, however firmly he may refuse to be dictated to about the nature of his decisions as a judge.

Opium

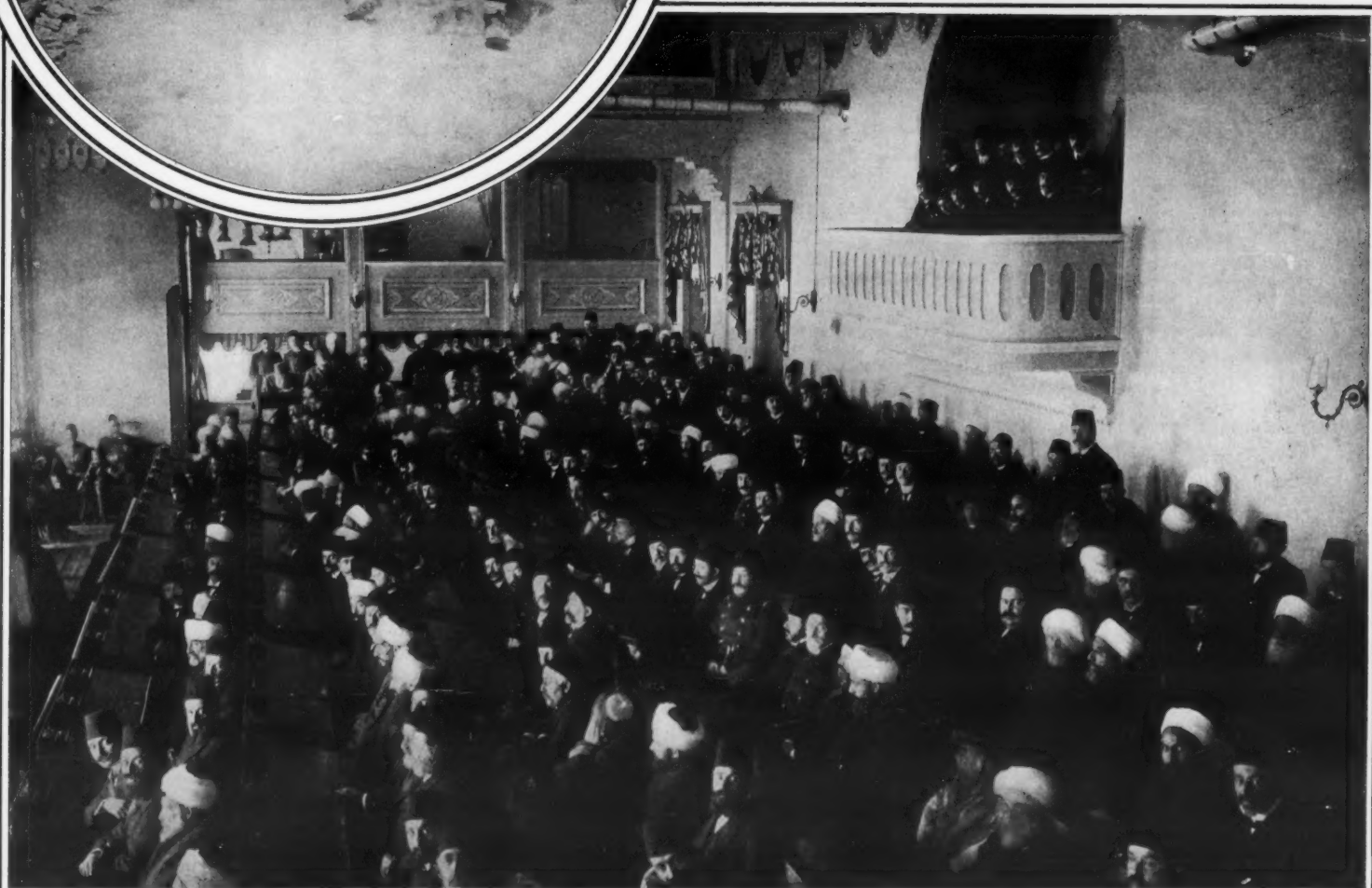
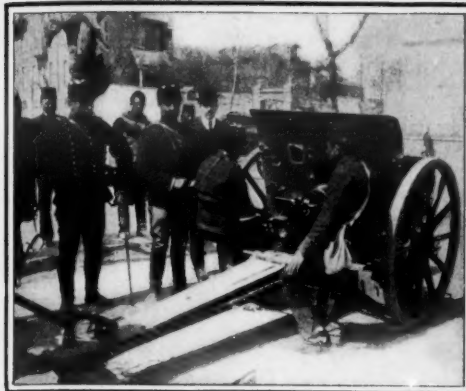
OWING TO THE COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER of its population, San Francisco has had a harder fight against opium than most cities. The Chinese are, of course, more addicted to the drug than any other people. The Eastern States suffer more from the traffic in cocaine than from either opium or morphine. A systematic warfare has been waged by the California State Board of Pharmacy against all drug stores selling opium. To the surprise of the Board, the Chinese Six-Companies have cooperated in the campaign. Even among the Chinese the men who sell opium, those who use it, and those who conduct opium joints are the outcasts of society. It is the wash-house Chinaman, the fruit-picking Chinaman, and those who are forced to hard labor, that are most addicted to the drug. It has not touched the Japanese, who lives altogether apart from the Chinaman. The Board has prosecuted one hundred and fifty-two cases and secured convictions in every case. The third offense is punishable by a jail sentence only; the first two by fine or imprisonment. The Treasury Department at Washington not long since issued an order that no more smoking opium should be imported into the United States. At the time there was about eighty-five thousand pounds of smoking opium in the San Francisco bonded warehouses, the duty on which was \$6 a pound. In forty-eight hours the opium was all gone. The Chinamen wanted it where they could be sure of it. Later, the Government extended the time for importation to April 1, 1909. Announcement was then made in the San Francisco press that some two hundred thousand pounds of the drug was on its way in a Chinese steamer that would arrive before April 1. The effect of the campaign in California has been to drive a great many of the lower order of "fiends" out of the State and to lessen considerably the sale of the drug. Men have been caught in the "Barbary Coast" district of San Francisco with the drug, prepared for sale and done up in small packages concealed in their pockets, their hats, and even their shoes. As a result of the Opium Congress which met in Shanghai in January last, the various countries are limiting the supply by curtailing the growth of the plant—a remedy still untested. The Chinese have six or seven alleged remedies for the cure of the habit. Every one of them contains morphine. The Six-Companies have earnestly sought a remedy. They manufacture and distribute free certain herb teas, but nothing, so far, has been found that will permanently cure.

Life, Etc.

A YOUNG WRITER the other day proposed to do an article for us on a "new" subject which he had just "discovered" in Ohio. It was one of those topics which are suggested at least once in every season, but such a proposal not infrequently reminds an editor that he must keep on guard. No matter how young he feels he must not forget that he does grow older, while his readers have everlasting youth. Life, the producer, and death, the destroyer, are the equalizing agents, and the average age of the readers of COLLIER'S actually remains approximately the same. An editor is wise who keeps the young about him. He must have them in his office; he must have them among his writers, and he must cultivate their interests. If he neglects to do so he will find that his periodical has passed beyond the crowd and is standing in curious isolation. In the same manner the individual reader must remember his own relation to the great body of readers. He also grows ever so little older year by year. That which interests him now may not have interested him in the past, may not interest him in the future, and does not necessarily interest every one else. In youth we enter eagerly into the life about us, pass through all the great centers of interest, and, at the end, emerge from the crowd. But the crowd remains—to be taught, to be entertained, and to experience for the first time the thrills and aspirations that make up life. The editor of COLLIER'S ought in spirit to remain forever, like the average of his readers, at about the age of thirty-five.

Truth

IT IS THE KEYSTONE in the arch of home, the mistress of its other virtues. It is the shield of innocence, the avenger of guilt. It is the highest strain in the music of patriotism. Prospering commerce will not survive its betrayal, nor will ambitious statesman, ignoring it, write his name upon the world's larger page. It is the final standard by which we judge men and nations. It is the coin and courage of the world's highest thought, the seed of the world's best literature. It is the dawn that has dispersed the night of error, oppression, cruelty. It takes its own time to command the attention of men, but it is the courser that, sooner or later, wins every race. It retreats not. It is the light that guides the heart of childhood and rules the spirit in its supreme hour. It is the balm of wounded souls. It is the rainbow of promise. It is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of the ages.



Mohamed V, the New Sultan of Turkey, Assumes the Throne

In one of the upper pictures the Padishah is shown on his way to the Mosque of Ayoub to take part in the ceremony of the sword on May 10 (see page 22). The lower photograph is probably the first one ever made of the Lower House of the Turkish Parliament in session. The other pictures show the troops of the Constitutionalist army occupying Constantinople after the overthrow of Abdul Hamid



Following the evergreen hedge around a final corner, she emerged stealthily

"Where Thieves Break In"

The Story That Lay Behind the College Pin

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

Illustrated by

ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"The Pretenders," the first of the adventures of Caroline, appeared in the issue of January 30

ONE glance at Caroline's shoulders, hunched with caution; the merest profile, indeed, of her tense and noiseless advance up the narrow gravel path, would have convinced the most casual observer that she was bent upon arson, at the least. At the occasional crunch of the gravel she scowled; the well-meant effort of a speckled gray hen, escaped from some distant part of the grounds, to bear her company, produced a succession of pantomimic dismissals that alarmed the hen to the point of frenzy, so that her clacks and cackles resounded far beyond the trim hedge that separated the drying-ground from the little kitchen garden.

Caroline scowled, turned to shake her fist at the hen, now lumbering awkwardly through the hedge, and sat down heavily on a little bed of parsley.

"Nasty old thing!" she gulped; "anybody could've heard me! And I was creeping up so still..."

She peered out from behind a dwarf evergreen and made a careful survey of the situation. The big square house stood placid and empty in the afternoon sun; not a cat on the kitchen porch, not a curtain fluttering from an open window. All was neat, quiet, and deserted. Caroline set her lips with decision.

"We'll pretend there wasn't any hen," she said in a low voice, "and go on from here, just the same."

Rising with great caution, she picked her way, crouching and dodging, from bush to bush; occasionally she took a lightning peep at the silent house, then dipped again and continued her stalking. Following the evergreen hedge around a final corner, she emerged stealthily in the lee of the latticed kitchen porch and drew a breath of relief.

"All right so far," she muttered; "I wondered if that old gray cat with the new kittens is fussing around here?"

But no breath of life stirred under the porch as she stooped to peer through a break in the lattice, and with a final survey of the premises inserted her plump person into the gap and wriggled, panting, into the darkness below.

It was stuffy and dusty there; the light filtered dimly through the diamond spaces, and the adventurer, crawling on hands and knees, cannoned into a shadowy pile of flower-pots, sneezed violently and groveled wrathfully among the ruins for at least five minutes, helplessly confused. Quite by accident she knocked her cobwebbed head against a narrow, outward-swinging window, seized it thankfully, and plunged through it. Hanging a moment by her grimy hands, she swayed a little fearfully, then dropped with a quick breath to the concrete floor beneath, and smiled with relief as the comparative brightness of a well-kept cellar revealed her safety. Vegetable bins, a neat pile of kindling-wood, a large portable closet of wire netting, with occasional plates and covered dishes suggestively laid away in it, met her eye: on the floor in front of this last rested a little heap of something wet and glistening. Untidy as it looked, it had an eatable appearance to Caroline, whose instinct in these matters was unimpeachable, and, bending over it, she inserted one finger.

"Currant jelly!" she whispered, thoughtfully licking the inquiring member. "The idea!"

She approached the wire closet and peered along the shelves: there was no jelly there.

"Dropped it getting it out," she pursued. "I wonder why Selma didn't wipe it up?"

Suddenly her face brightened.

"We'll keep right on and pretend 'twas burglars," she announced to the quiet cellar, "and they stole the jelly in a hurry and dropped this and never noticed, and went upstairs to eat it and get the silver! And so I found 'em after all!"

Still on tiptoe she left the cellar, stole through the laundry, and crept mysteriously up the back stairs. So absorbed she was that a creaking board stopped her heart for a breath, and a slip on the landing sent her to her knees in terror. The empty quiet seemed to hum around her; strange snappings of the old woodwork

dried her throat. With her hand on the swing-door that led into the dining-room, she paused in a delicious ecstasy of terror, as the imagined clink of glass and silver, the normal clatter of a cheerful meal, seemed to echo in the air.

It was always difficult for Caroline in such moments of excitement to distinguish between what she saw and heard and what she wished to see and hear, and at this ghost of table music she smiled with pleasure.

"The house is empty," said her common sense, but she pursed her lips and whispered: "They're up here eating—they've come for the silver!"

By fractions of inches she pushed the door on its well-oiled hinge and slipped noiselessly into the dining-room.

A broad beam of light fell across the dark, wainscoted room, and in the track of it sat a handsome, well-dressed man busily eating. In front of him was a roast chicken, a cut-glass dish of celery, and a ruby mound of jelly; a crusty loaf of new bread lay broken at his right; at his left, winking in the sunbeam, stood a decanter half-filled with a topaz liquor. He was daintily poisoning a bit of jelly on some bread, the mouthful was in the air, when his eyes fell on Caroline, an amazed and cobwebbed statue in front of him.

The hand that held the bread grew rigid. As spilled milk spreads over a table, the man's face was flooded with sudden grayish-white; against it his thin lips were marked in lavender. While the grandfather clock ticked ten times they stared at each other, and then a wave of deep red poured over his face and his mouth twitched.

"What are you doing here, little girl?" he demanded sternly, pointedly regarding her dusty, rumpled figure.

Caroline gulped and dropped her eyes.

"I—nothing particular," she murmured guiltily.

The man laid the piece of bread down carefully and wiped his fingers on the napkin spread across his knees.

"Some time," he said in a leisurely drawl, "you'll burst into a room like that, where a person with a weak heart may be sitting, and that'll be the last of 'em."

"The last of 'em?" Caroline repeated vaguely.

"Just so. They'll die on you," he explained briefly.

Caroline stepped nearer.

"Is—is your heart weak?" she inquired fearfully.

"I'm so sorry. So is my Uncle Lindsay's."

"What were you sneaking about so soft for?" he demanded.

She flushed.

"I—I was playing burglars," she confessed, "and I got to where they were in here with the silver, and—and I was coming in to—to get them, and I didn't expect anybody would be here, really, you know, and I was surprised when I saw you. I didn't know about your heart."

"Burglars?" said the man, laughing loudly. "Well, that's one on me! I must say you're a nifty young party. So you thought I was a burglar, did you?"

"Oh, no!" Caroline cried. "Of course not—I meant I was playing it was burglars; I didn't mean you. I—I didn't know anybody was here."

"Humph!" said he. "What made you play burglars? Anything in that line yourself, ever?"

Caroline stared uncomprehendingly.

"My mother doesn't think it's right for Aunt Edith to go off and leave the house all alone the way she does," she explained. "She's always telling her some one will break in if she doesn't leave Selma or a dog. And she never locks a thing, you know—she says if they intend to get in they will, and that's all there is about it. So this time she went for three days, and Miss Honey and the General and Delia; and Selma and Anna went to a wedding, and Ed went somewhere about a lawn-mower, and little Ed was going to get the pony shod. I told Aunt Edith I'd—" she coughed importantly—"keep an eye on the house."

"I see," said the man.

He poured himself two inches of the topaz liquor; it rocked in the glass.

Caroline sniffed inquiringly.

"That's the Scotch," she said; "I know by the smell, partly like cologne and partly smoky. Do you like it?"

The man raised the glass to the level of his eyes and watched the light play through it, then made a slight movement of his arm and the whisky disappeared smoothly.

"Your Aunt Edith's taste is as good as her voice," he said, eying Caroline carefully.

"Oh, that's not Aunt Edith's—that's Uncle Joe's," she explained. Then, as it flashed across her suddenly: "Did you want to see him? He's in New York, too. They're going to have pictures taken of Miss Honey and General. But after that Uncle Joe's going to Chicago. Did you want him?"

"N-no, not exactly," said the man, studying his well-kept finger-nails. "I can't say I do. No, my business is with—is more—"

He stopped suddenly and followed the direction of Caroline's eyes.

There on the sideboard behind him stood a leather suit-case, long and solid-looking. It was open, and tight rows of forks and spoons filled it.

The room was quite still for a moment. Caroline wanted to show by some intelligent remark that she understood the situation and could easily imagine what the man was doing with the silver, but she found this difficult.

Strange people came to Aunt Edith's house. Dark, foreign-looking men ate meals there at unusual hours; once Caroline had seen with her own eyes a plump, yellow German fall suddenly on his knees at Aunt Edith's feet, as a hand-organ struck up its brassy music under the window, and burst into passionate singing, waving a whiskbroom in the air and offering it to Aunt Edith with the most extraordinary force of manner. And her aunt, who wore at the time a raincoat and tam-o'-shanter cap, had leaned forward gracefully, gurgled out a most delicious little tune, accepted the whiskbroom, affected to inhale its fragrance rapturously, and whirled into a big and beautiful song in which the plump, yellow gentleman joined, and, rising, seized her in his arms, at which point they drowned the hand-organ completely, and the hand-organ man and Uncle Joe applauded loudly and they gave the hand-organ man all he could eat and a dollar.

You may see from this that one did not look for the commonplace in Aunt Edith's house. Moreover, the stranger was not unlike some of her aunt's friends; though he was handsome and assured and noticeably at his ease, Caroline felt that his manner was subtly different from that of the friends of her own family. But even the most unconventional guest had never collected the sideboard silver, and a little feeling was growing in the air... doubt and a bit of what might have begun to be fear... when suddenly the man began to laugh. It was abrupt, and it rang harshly at first, but grew with every moment warmer and more infectious, so that Caroline, though she felt that she was in some way the cause of it, joined in it finally, in spite of herself.

"If you knew what a sight you were!" he exclaimed, wiping his eyes with the napkin, "with your hair all cobwebs and all that dirt on your knees and those finger-marks on your apron, and being so small and all—" he began to chuckle again.

"Small?" she repeated portentously.

"Oh, I didn't mean small compared with—with anybody else the same size," he assured her quickly.

Catching her mollified glance, he went on more soberly: "And how did you get in, now? No doors, I'll bet."

"Under the kitchen porch, through the little cellar window and up the back stairs," she explained.

"You mean to say you were out in that little back hall and I never heard you?"

She nodded. "I took pains to be still," she added, "so as to surprise the—so if there had been—"

"I understand," he said gravely—"so as to get them if they had been there. Well, you'd have done it. You're all right. Now, I suppose you're wondering what all this means, aren't you? You haven't got any idea who

I am, have you? You don't know one single thing about me, and you may be thinking—"

"I know one thing about you," she interrupted: "I know you went to Yale."

The man's jaw dropped, his hands gripped the arm of the chair.

"And how in—how did you know that?" he cried roughly, with blazing eyes.

Caroline shrank a little, but faced him.

"Your pin," she said, pointing to his vest. "I saw it when you held your arm up."

The man sank back in his chair and fingered the little jeweled badge unconsciously.

"Well, of all the cute ones . . . so you've seen this before?" he suggested.

"Of course I have—my brother has one and my Uncle Joe and Uncle Lindsay and Cousin Lindsay and Cousin Joe."

"All went to Yale?" he inquired.

"Lindsay and Joe are there now—they're seniors," she informed him. "The General's going when he grows up. All the Holts go there. Grandfather Holt went."

"You don't say," said the man, bending forward in genuine interest. "I guess it's a pretty good college, eh?"

"The best of them all," she assured him. "I'll tell you an awful funny thing," she went on abruptly. "You know all the Holts look alike. Well, when Uncle Lindsay first went to Yale he was walking along the campus and right by Old South Middle he met the president.

And the president stopped and said: 'Well, well, I see the race of Holts is not yet extinct. Good afternoon, sir!' The president. And he never saw him before!"

"You don't say," he repeated. "Old South Middle—that's it. That's the one."

Suddenly he shrugged his shoulders and took out his watch. "This'll never pay the rent!" he said briskly.

"Now let's get to business. I suppose you were surprised to see all that stuff in the suit-case?"

Caroline nodded and grinned back at him, his own quick smile was so friendly and compelling.

"Well," he continued, rising and bunching the napkin beside his plate, "I don't blame you. Not a bit. I'd have been the same myself. And you'll be even more surprised when you find out what I'm doing—that is"—

he stopped abruptly—"unless your Uncle Joe has told you already and sent you over to help?"

She shook her head.

"Didn't, eh?" He stepped over to the sideboard, wiping off the knife and fork he had been using, and packed them with the others. Caroline, watching his hands, noticed in the corner of the case a familiar chamois-skin bag; she had often seen it on Aunt Edith's bureau.

"Well, now," he continued, "if I had a niece as sharp and smart and quiet as you are, Missy, I'd tell her my plans, I would, and get her to help me. I wonder your uncle didn't. Sure he didn't mention me—Mr. Barker?"

Again she shook her head, her eyes fastened to the bag.

"Well," said the man, shutting down the cover of the suit-case and strapping it tightly, "it's this way. You may have heard your uncle say something about it being kind of careless, leaving the house so much alone? Anyhow, whether he's talked to you or not about it, he has to me often enough."

"Oh, yes!" Caroline was conscious of a distinct sense of relief. "I've often heard him. Then you do know Uncle Joe?"

The man faced her, starting in violent surprise.

"Do I know Uncle Joe?" he repeated. "Do I know him?" He shook his head feebly and gazed about the room. "She says do I know Joe Holt! And what

should I be doing eating my lunch here if I didn't?" he demanded. "What should he tell me about his troubles for and ask me to help him, if I didn't know him? Is it likely I'd be packing his silver in my suit-case if I didn't know him?"

Caroline stood abashed.

"I should think you might guess by this time what the joke is," he went on forgivingly, seeing that she was quite overcome with her own stupidity; "but as I have to get away pretty quick now, I'll tell you. You see, Joe isn't coming right back with your aunt; he's going on to Chicago, and that may keep him some time away—"

"I know," Caroline interpolated.

"And he wanted your aunt to have somebody stay in the house to look after it—he felt worried. But no, she wouldn't. Wouldn't even get a dog—that is," eying Caroline steadily, "unless she's got one lately, but when I last heard—"

"No," she assured him, "she wouldn't. Aunt Edith hates dogs."

"So Joe told me. 'Now what would you do, Henry,' says Joe to me—that's my name, Henry Barker—'what would you do with a woman like that?'"

"Do, Joe?" says I. "Why, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd teach her a lesson—that's what. I'd give her one good scare, and then you'd find she'd take your advice after that."

At that point the man reached for his overcoat and began to struggle into it.

"But I don't know how to, Henry," says he. "You don't," says I. "Nothing easier. Just tip somebody off when the house is empty and they'll run up and slip in, take what silver and jewelry they can find in a hurry, pack it up careful and hide it away wherever you say. Then when your wife gets back and finds 'em gone there'll be the d— there'll be a row, and when she says it's her fault for not leaving the servants in the house, and she'll never do it again, then you say: 'All right, my dear, I'm glad you've learned your lesson,' and step out and get the bag! How's that?" I said.

He put his hat on, drew a pair of gloves from his pocket, and looked hard at Caroline; her answering glance was troubled and non-committal. He scowled slightly and rested one hand on the bag.

"All very well, Henry," says Joe to me; 'but who's to do all this? I don't know any one that would dare to, let alone be willing,' he went on, glancing hurriedly around the room. 'You know as well as I do that if they should get caught doing it, anybody would swear 'twas burglary, plain and simple, and run 'em right in. They'd call the police. It would look bad for whoever did it, you know,' he said."

"He might have asked me. I'd love to do it," Caroline muttered resentfully.

As a matter of fact, the scheme was sufficiently like many a practical joke of her irrepressible uncle. Better than any one, Caroline, his conspirator-elect, knew the lengths he was capable of going to confound or scandalize his adjacent relatives.

"Of course," said the man, with relief in his voice, "that's why I asked you if he hadn't. I guess he was afraid you wouldn't dare. I'd have trusted you, though, myself."

She looked gratefully at him.

"Then I said: 'Why, Joe, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll do it myself,' he concluded, lifting the suit-case from the sideboard and grimacing at its weight.

"What's the good," says I, 'of calling yourself a friend if you can't run a little risk? Just tell me the

day to come and where you want 'em put—be sure you pick a good safe place—and I'll 'tend to it for you.' I said, 'and you'll do as much for me some day when I'm in a tight place.'"

He settled his hat firmly and moved to the long window.

"I'll have to hurry if I don't want to lose my train," he explained.

"But where's the place?" Caroline cried excitedly. "What place did Uncle Joe pick out? Won't you tell me? I won't tell—truly I won't!"

The man paused with one hand on the window button and looked thoughtfully at her.

"By George," he announced, "I've a good mind to tell you! I'm not supposed to tell a soul, you know, but you've been such a brick, and being his own niece and all, I think you've got a right to know; I really do."

Caroline nodded breathlessly.

"Look here!" he cried. "I'll trust you if your uncle won't. I don't like the place he told me, much—it isn't safe enough. There's two thousand dollars' worth of stuff here, counting the—counting everything, and an old barn's no place for it. See here. You promise me to stay here for an hour—one hour exactly, by the clock—and I'll leave this bag at your house for you. Then you can hide it under your bed, or anywhere you want, till to-morrow, and then you can manage the rest to suit yourself. How's that?"

"Oh, that will be grand!" she gasped.

"You can just tell your uncle that I saw you were game and I trusted you, if he wouldn't," he concluded, opening the window, "and I'll take this to your house in half an hour. Will you promise not to leave for an hour? We mustn't be seen together, you know, or people might suspect, and then the game'd be up. And will you lock this window after me and go out the same way you came?"

"Yes, yes! I promise, I promise solemnly," she assured him, flushed with importance; "and tell 'em not to open it, will you? They might. Say it's private for me, will you?"

"All right," he said soberly. "I'm kind o' sorry they went to Yale," he added abruptly. "I'd rather—s-sh! What's that?"

He stood rigidly listening; his eyes rolled back, his hand raised in warning.

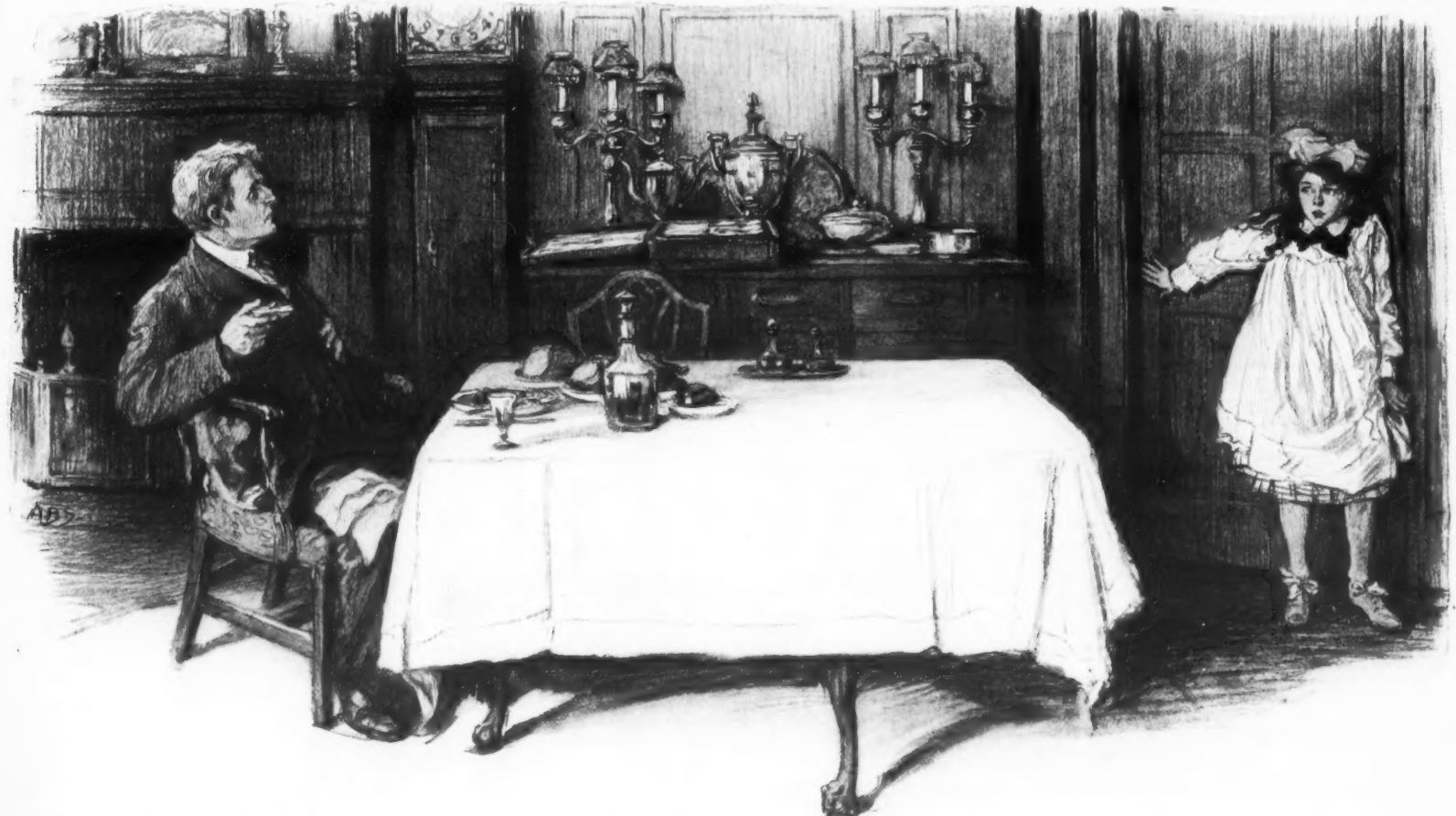
"I don't hear—" she began, but his angry gesture and the furious whisper that went with it cowed her into a silence as strained as his own.

For a moment it seemed to Caroline that she heard a faint snap as of a board released from pressure, but dead quiet followed; she held her breath with excitement as the man lifted the suit-case over the ledge and, peering over the balcony, stepped out. Suddenly he paused, one leg over the sill; his eyes rolled back toward the room, his lips tightened. So terrible and so despairing his face had turned that Caroline rushed to the window. Even as she started she heard quick, soft steps in the hall, and pointed to the freedom outside.

"Jump! Oh, jump, Mr. Barker!" she whispered in a glow of terror. "Hurry! It is somebody!"

He pointed silently to the ground below, and with her heart pounding heavily she peered over the sill. Directly below them crouched a Great Dane, brindled, enormous, one eye fixed sternly on the window.

The soft steps paused; perhaps she had imagined them! Perhaps, if they kept quite still, that quaking pair, perhaps . . . the man breathed like a drowning swimmer; it seemed to Caroline she must scream.



While the grandfather clock ticked ten times they stared at each other, and then a wave of deep red poured over his face and his mouth twitched



DECORATION DAY

by Bliss Carman

[The Capitol, West Front]

STAND here in the shadow of the Capitol
And let your eyes range down across the city,
Where marble buildings rise out of a sea
Of tree-tops, and the Monument floats up
All rose and lilac in the morning light,
A thing of magic by the Potomac shore.

ACROSS the river on the wooded bank
Where that colonial portico gleams white,
Is the nation's hallowed ground,—their resting-place
Who gave their lives up gladly for the truth,
Each, as he deemed, a soldier of the right
Impassioned by the justice of his cause.

AND hark, above the car-bells and the cries,
A band is playing! Troops are on the move.
Far down the Avenue a column wheels
To pass the pillared Treasury, on the way
To honor its dead heroes sleeping there
On the heights of Arlington ten thousand strong.

THERE rests my old friend in his soldier's grave,—
Old grim idealist with the tender heart,
The grizzled head, gray eye, and scanty speech,
And hand that never faltered in the fight
Through all the rough work of a long campaign.
God keep you, General, with the heroes gone!

IN MANY a place through all the land to-day,
Mourners will come, and with hands full of flowers
Pay loving honor to the valiant dead
Who gave their last breath for the cause they loved,
For liberty and justice, and flinched not
To pay the utmost for their noble dream.

AND you, O fond and forgetful ones
Who have no graves to tend for all your loss,
No sacred spot whereat your love may kneel,
But must in silence let the proud tears spring,
Keeping the lonely vigil of the heart,
While the flags flutter and the dead-march plays:

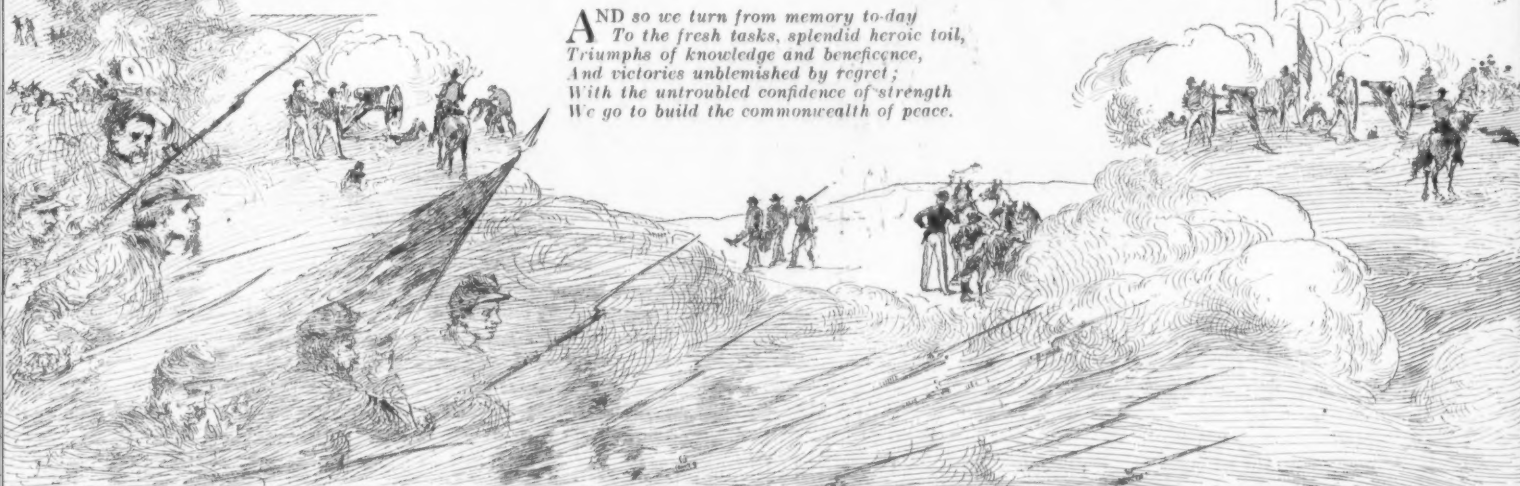
BEHOLD for you the consoling rain shall fall
In odorous assuaging woodland showers,
And wild wood-flowers spring up to deck the ground
Wherever early summer passes now;
And in far valleys where no bugles peal
Shy birds will sing their requiems for your dead.

THEREFORE, take courage, seeing all natural things
Are not left desolate, but lovely earth
Transmutes each scar and sorrow to her gain,
And from the flux of time and growth renews
Her seasons of indomitable joy,
And breeds new beauty each reviving year.

LET us too live with gladness, and become
A part of that which never can be lost,
But must be merged forever with new power,
The urge, the aspiration, and the gleam,—
All that is infinite and divine in man,
The eternal rescued from mortality.

LET us not doubt, but with an unweared mind
Bring truth to pass with beauty and with good,
One and sufficient in the last event,
The work made perfect by the loving hand,
The fair ideal translated into fact;
And heaven can not be far from this our world.

AND so we turn from memory to-day
To the fresh tasks, splendid heroic toil,
Triumphs of knowledge and beneficence,
And victories unblemished by regret;
With the untroubled confidence of strength
We go to build the commonwealth of peace.



P A X E T P R O S P E R O





North, East, South,

Drawn by

CHARLES DANA GIBBS



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South, and West

Drawn by
ES DANA GIBSON



He poured into his mute adoration of her all the inchoate emotions of his youth

The Thread of Gold

The Old Bookseller and the Beautiful Passer-by

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

Illustrated by
THOMAS FOGARTY

THE print faded before my eyes: in the second-hand bookshop it had suddenly grown dark. The old bookseller, pattering to the doorway, gazed out at the street, an old-fashioned, shabby little street in a part of town long unchanged—though with the ever-changing city pressing all about it—a part of town like one of those patches of smooth water, full of driftwood, that continue calm, one wonders how, in the midst of a swift current.

"Raining!" chirruped the bookseller, with an accent of intense interest. It was so: the pavements were mottled, in another moment they turned black and glistening, while the brick fronts of the houses opposite abruptly showed long, diagonal swaths of moisture. The rattle of the spring shower became resonant; spray leaped from the cobblestones; the gutters flooded.

"It'll be a good thing for the streets," commented the old man. And, with that well-worn remark, he came in, lit the gas, sat down in a broken chair, and smiled at me sociably.

His eyes, magnified by the thick lenses of his spectacles, appeared out of proportion to his small, gray-bearded, withered face, and, with their look of watery gentleness, dominated all his other features, which were insignificant. The transparency of his bald temples, the length of his meager neck, the thinness of his constricted shoulders, his whole appearance of exceeding delicacy, made one think of the frailness of a new-hatched bird.

And he was full, too, of birdlike movements—of that curious spryness without object which one sees sometimes in little old men whose lives have been spent effectually in a trifling and timid bustle.

"Well," he piped, cheerily, "now you'll have to wait till the shower stops!"

"Yes."

And, sitting down in the remaining chair, I offered him a cigar.

"Thanks, I never indulge." Then he added, as if in palliation for not being subject to that vice: "But I enjoy the smell of a good Havana!" And not yet satisfied, he declared further, with an almost swaggering intonation: "I think seriously of taking it up some day. No doubt it would help to pass the time when business is dull."

I stared round me at the dusty, shelf-lined cupboard of a shop.

"How is business now?"

His face clouded; his air of spryness failed.

"Well, not good. And, I must say, nowadays it's never what it was. When I first took over sole charge of this store, after the death of my father, who had it before me, things were different. You see this partition? It wasn't here then. We had the whole place: this part, and the part the plumber next door has now. But times changed. . . ." A look of perplexity and helplessness came into his face. "I don't think people can be reading books the way they used to."

Together we gazed, in silence, at the wares going

begging which packed the walls—old books with backs of faded cloth and tattered calf-skin; old, dry books of forgotten authors, crushing in their shriveled pages who can say how many unrealized ambitions; old, defunct books, decaying in the dust, in their disintegration exhaling such curious, haunting, saddening odors, as if the whole place were a charnel-house of dead aspirations.

"How long have you had this store?"

"By myself, you mean? Forty years."

Forty years! Forty years of desiccation in this pocket of a shop, in this torpid corner of a great city, the encircling tumult of whose onrush was hardly beyond hearing! Forty years! Those words were like a talisman revealing, in a flash, a whole life—if, indeed, a lifetime of such pallid living could constitute a life.

But was a whole existence of this color possible; tracing it back, must one not come upon some fuller part, some rosier and brighter aspect, near its origin? Surely, at least in youth—that period of untranslatable yearnings, of confused transports, of all sorts of emotional awakenings—this old man had been thrilled and shaken by some recklessness, some intense craving for experience, some wild, sweet folly? Not even in youth?

A figure, appearing suddenly out of the downpour, plunged through the doorway. This was a tall, slender boy, poorly clothed, his sleeves and trousers too short, his delicate face not yet under his control. When he saw me he stopped abruptly, with a look of confusion. Whirling round to the bookshelves, he began to examine the volumes with exaggerated interest.

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"The Trouble Hunter," the first adventure of Bill Simms and his Circus, appeared in the issue of April 24

WHEN Willie Simms reached the mature age of seventeen he decided on a life of danger and adventure. He therefore ran away from his Salem home and joined a circus. At twenty he was an animal trainer, and at forty he was sole proprietor of the Simms International Circus and Menagerie. For nearly a quarter of a century he conducted the affairs of this enterprise, amassed a modest fortune, but constantly bewailed the enervating placidity of his career.

In all these years nothing really thrilling had happened to this daring but shrewd Yankee. He went to the extreme of making a trip along the dangerous coasts of South America. This added to his bank account, but he did not lose a man or an animal, neither did he have a single experience worth relating. In sheer disgust he headed his circus and menagerie for the tropical islands of the south seas.

"Perhaps somethin' may happen," old Bill Simms argued, "if I go battin' intew places whar thar's likely tew be earthquakes, volcano eruptions, cannibals, etcetera."

Mr. Simms had an inspiration while in Suva, metropolis of the Fijian Islands. He chartered the little trading schooner, *Daisy D.*, owned and commanded by Captain Jed Blout, and set forth for Sydney, Australia.

"I reckon nobody ever pulled off a stunt like this," he said. "If I can tote this bunch of animals on this sailin' tub through all them islands on the map without nothin' happenin', why, I might as well give up huntin' fer trouble."

Five days out of Suva the *Daisy D.* ran into a typhoon, was blown like a chip against the coast of a small island on which was a large volcano in violent eruption; Mr. Simms and most of his menagerie were washed from the deck into a sea bombarded by white-hot rocks, but were carried ashore on the back of "John L.," the massive and intelligent elephant who gave a tone of real distinction to the Simms aggregation. By a miraculous chance the schooner was driven into an inlet and was safely anchored in a secluded cove.

M R. SIMMS was bruised but delighted when he stood on the deck of the schooner the following evening.

"That sure was worth while, cap'an!" he declared to the owner of the *Daisy D.* "I reckon that breaks my spell of tough luck. This is the only excitin' thing that's happened tew me like what I've read in books. It kinder gives me faith, cap'an, an' perks me up a lot. How long dew ye calculate tew stay here?"

"No longer than I can help," gruffly responded Captain Blout. "I'd head her out now if I had a little more wind. Don't like the way that volcano's acting," and he glanced to the east and shook his fist at a huge column of smoke and fire.

There were constant rumblings, frequent heavy detonations, and other manifestations that the initial upheaval had not restored an equilibrium of what Bill Simms termed its "infernal forces."

"That old mud-drum sure has got indigestion," he said, reflectively. "The next time the old belcher turns loose I speaks fer a bomb-proof reserved seat about a hundred miles ter win'ard. Look at that, will ye!" he exclaimed. "Somethin's startin' over thar right now!"

It had been pitch dark save for the intermittent flare from the tortured mountain, but Bill Simms pointed to a strange light which suddenly crawled along the edge of a cliff that reared a thousand dizzy feet above the waters of the cove. A broad river of lava poised an instant on the brink of this precipice, then fell the drop of six Niagaras into the deep water at its base.

"Let's pull our freight, cap'an; an' pull it darned quick," exclaimed old Bill Simms, shading his eyes from the heat. "I've read about active volcanoes ever since I was a kid, but this busy old hummock's too active fer any use. Let's beat it."



The retreat of the ambitious tyrant

The captain of the *Daisy D.* needed no urging. There was barely enough wind to stir the sails, and its slant required a tack which brought the schooner still nearer the cataract of white-hot lava. When Captain Blout put her about the breeze failed entirely and the ship drifted still nearer the column of plunging fire. The heat was intense. A stay-sail burst into flame.

"Guess we're goners, cap'an," stolidly muttered old Bill Simms, "but I'm gettin' a run fer my money. Driftin' with a menagerie intew a waterfall of lava sure is a thrillin' finish fer an old fool who went browsin' 'round the tropics huntin' fer trouble. Thar blazes 'nuther sail, cap'an!"

In the nick of time a puff of wind filled the unburned sails of the *Daisy D.*, and ten minutes later she was out of the immediate danger zone. Her sides were blistered and smoking, but shortly after midnight the schooner crawled through the inlet and was again on the broad expanse of the South Pacific.

The moaning of the scared and half-suffocated animals ceased; the wearied sailors and circus men threw themselves on the decks and drank deep of the glorious air; Captain Blout turned the wheel over to one of his men and staggered below, but old Bill Simms leaned on the rail and gazed long at the flaming torch of the volcano and traced its angry reflection on the slow heave of the sea.

A waning moon lifted a grotesque horn above the shoulder of the mountain and cast an uncanny shimmer on the deep; two sea monsters fought and tinged the water with their crimson. "John L." lifted his trunk and sounded a sympathetic blast, and then silence fell, save for the creaking of the rigging under the strain of a freshening wind.

"That's a fine summer resort," mused old Bill Simms. "Just the place fer an old ladies' home or a san'tarium fer nervous folks seekin' absolute quiet. Guess I'll rub somethin' on my blisters an' turn in. Things sure are happenin'."

Mr. Simms learned in the morning that they were headed for Cocoanut Island, an elongated atoll about one hundred miles away. Its single village was occasionally visited by trading vessels, and boasted a lumber yard and appliances for ship repairs—hence this change of course by Captain Blout.

"Be the inhabitants of this here Cocoanut Island cannibals?" asked the circus man.

"They uster be," admitted the captain, "but they don't cannibal much these days—only when they have wars."

"Progress has ruined purty everythin' worth while—'cept volcanoes," sadly asserted Mr. Simms. "Now I don't suppose these reformed heathen have even got a king?"

The King of Cocoanut Island

"John L.," the Yankee Elephant, Puts his Trunk into International Complications

By

FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Illustrated by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

"They had the last time I was there. Big fat fellow with eleven wives. Calls himself Jingo—King Jingo."

"Leven wives," repeated old Bill Simms, thoughtfully poising a chunk of meat on a fork. "This here King Jingo's a brave old sinner; eh, cap'an? Leven wives almost under the equator. Beats thunder what folks will do."

The wind held true, and early that afternoon the *Daisy D.* dropped anchor a quarter of a mile outside the tumbling surf. Canoes put out from shore and some favored savages were admitted on board, among them a half-naked pilot who skilfully worked the battered and scorched craft in past saw-edged reefs and warped her to a wharf which projected well out into the lagoon. Mr. Simms studied the straggling village and its assembled inhabitants with keen interest.

The bamboo "palaces" of King Jingo fronted the wharf, and five or six hundred huts lined the beach on both sides of it. There were smelly piles of copra, crates of cacao beans, nodding palms, picturesque groups of natives, swarms of nude children, a dapper little missionary and two white traders. The latter annoyed Mr. Simms, who wished this scene set with no reminder of civilization, but he forgot these intruders when he saw the king.

A four-pound gun barked a salute from the sandy court of the royal palace, and when it ceased there came to view a shaggy white donkey hitched to a side-bar buggy in which reclined a stout, copper-colored gentleman scantily arrayed in hip adornments, his head surmounted by a white plug hat. The vehicle had a generous width of seat, but King Jingo completely filled it.

His Majesty was unloaded, escorted aboard the schooner by the little missionary, greeted with slight humility by Captain Blout, and introduced to Mr. Simms.

"Mighty glad tew meet yer R'ile Highness," heartily exclaimed the circus man. "Climate seems to agree with you, king. How long have you ruled this here island?"

"Ten year," replied the monarch. "Dew yer men tote spears 'round all the time?" asked Mr. Simms, noting that most of the savages were thus armed, and that some of them carried rusty rifles.

The king frowned, waved a fat hand to the south in an eloquent gesture, and muttered something which was unintelligible to the inquisitive visitor. The missionary came to the rescue.

"He says he fears an attack from the natives of an island thirty miles to the south of here,"

he translated. "The two tribes have been at war for years, and I have been unable to put an end to it."

"They come—I lick um—I do um!" cried King Jingo. "Damn! Caramba!" he added.

"Surest thing you know, king," declared the delighted Bill Simms. "I only hope they'll come while I'm here. Put her thar," he said, offering his hand. "Put her thar, king; bully fer you, an' I'll be mighty glad tew help ye."

At that inspiring moment one of the Bengal tigers emitted a blood-curdling yell, and it was with difficulty that His Majesty was restrained from jumping into the lagoon.

"Shoo! yer R'ile Highness," soothingly said old Bill Simms, "that's nothin' but one of the animals in my menagerie. I don't reckon ye ever saw a menagerie, eh, king? Come below an' look 'em over."

The purport of the Simms International Circus and



The wrath of Captain Blout

Menagerie was finally made partially clear to the ruler of Coconut Island, and after much urging he went down the companionway and cautiously approached beasts never imagined even in his dreams. His island domain boasted no fauna larger than a rat, and the sight of "John L." dazed and entranced him, but he had an instinctive fear of the big cats, and frankly indicated the same.

"No like! Bad! Malo! Damn! Caramba!" he fluently said, pointing to the tigers' cage.

"Yer R'ile Highness makes me tired," scornfully asserted old Bill Simms. "Let me show ye somethin'."

To the horror alike of the king and the Reverend Reginald Jones he threw open the door of the cage, grabbed the larger tiger by the scruff of the neck, yanked him to the floor, kicked his striped sides and cuffed his ears. King Jingo crowded against the uprights which confined "John L.," and that playful pachyderm deftly removed the royal head-gear and waved it triumphantly abroad. An employee rescued the white plug hat and returned it to the frightened monarch.

"This is Prince," explained Mr. Simms. "I'll take him out tew the beach an' put him through some of his stunts. Come on!"

He dragged the tiger up the companionway and sprang with him to the wharf. The clustered subjects of the monarch were precipitate in their eagerness to yield a right of way. King Jingo hesitated, but pride gave him courage and he followed at a conservative distance. Simms piloted the beast to a clump of tall palms which fringed the edge of the lagoon, and here was joined by the king and a few of his more intrepid officers and soldiers, all of whom watched with delight the exhibition which followed.

The daring trainer made Prince jump through his hands, turn hand-springs, stand on his head and perform other acts, the great cat growling, spitting, and glaring at his master with flaming eyes. The king's fear vanished, and he finally stood so near that he could almost touch the flanks of the leaping animal.

Bill Simms paused. It was hot work. The tiger turned, took one ugly look at the tyrant of Coconut Island, gave vent to a prodigious roar and sprang over the head of that exalted personage and stuck his claws in the pulpy bark of the tallest pine. He went up it like a kitten chased by a dog, then snarled down from a nest of drooping fronds, full seventy feet above his angry owner and the startled king.

Persuasion and commands were wasted by Mr. Simms in attempts to lure the tiger from his lofty retreat, and the old man was in a quandary. He could not climb the palm, and to cut it down would likely maim or kill the beast, and Prince was a valuable member of his animal family. He walked around and around the palm, and perspired and swore profusely. King Jingo shook his fat sides in unrestrained royal delight, Simms glowering alternately at him and the tiger. Then he had an inspiration.

"Wade out into that water, Jack," he said to one of his men, pointing to the lagoon, the waters of which lapped the roots of the palm. "See how deep it is twenty or thirty feet out."

The test indicated four or five feet of water.

"That's all right. Now bring 'John L.' an' erbout three hundred feet of rope," he ordered, mopping his brow and turning to the king. "Keep yer eyes on yer Uncle Dudley," he said. "I'll show yer R'ile Highness a Yankee trick worth knowin'. An' as fer you," he yelled, shaking a bony fist at the elevated tiger, "as fer you, consarn yer barber-pole hide—I'll see whether ye'll come down outer thar."

A few minutes later an elephant set foot for the first time on the hot sands of Coconut Island, and the total population followed at a safe distance.

"Shin up that tree with the rope an' hitch it purty well up the trunk, Jack," was Bill Simms' next order.

The acrobat climbed the palm

with the dexterity of a monkey, nor did he stop until he was almost within reach of the lunging strokes of the tiger's claws. Then he made fast and slid down. Simms dragged the rope directly away from the lagoon, then handed the end to "John L."

"Pull, darn ye; pull!" he commanded.

The huge elephant coiled the rope around his trunk and moved away from the shore. As the line tightened the top of the palm began to bend. Lower and lower it sagged as "John L." applied his enormous weight and strength. Simms backed with him, knife in hand, until the fronds were at a sharp angle from the base of the palm, the taut rope quivering like the string of a bow—then he slashed it.

As the palm shot back there was catapulted from its apex a tawny, furry, yowling streak which spread out four helpless claws in vain imitation of a flying-squirrel. Prince struck the water of the lagoon fully fifty feet from the beach, and when Bill Simms lassoed and dragged him ashore the beast was so cowed that the old man had not the heart to whip him. Jack led the coughing and dripping tiger back to the schooner.

"I did that ter show yer R'ile Highness that a man has tew know a heap before he can run a menagerie," modestly asserted old Bill Simms.

"Fine! Gran! Bully!" exclaimed King Jingo. "How much you take fer he?" pointing to the elephant. "Me do dat to Laopepo. Fine! Gran! Damn! Give t'ree esposas fer he."

"What's that?"

"Laopepo is the king of the tribe he is at war with," sadly explained the little missionary. "King Jingo wishes to buy the elephant so that he can throw Laopepo out of a palm. He offers three of his wives for him."

"Not enough," grinned the circus man, "but tell his R'ile Highness that I'll jolt that Laopepo guy outer a tree fer nothin' if he'll catch him."

Bill Simms was the guest of the king at dinner that evening, and was in high spirits when he returned to the schooner.

"I'm tew give a circus performance by R'ile Appointment," he announced to Captain Blout. "We're goin' tew set the tents up in the R'ile front yard to-morrer, an' give the first show in the evenin'." These savages have no real money, so I've agreed tew take pearls, an' the king an' his bunch will be the missionary an' you, cap'an."

Only dead-heads, 'ceptin' the missionary an' you, cap'an." Fully fifteen hundred copper-colored natives exchanged pearls for pasteboard tickets and crowded into the main tent. About half of them were armed with spears and guns. An attack by King Laopepo's tribe had been anticipated for months, and the ruler of Coconut Island was taking no chance of a surprise.

King Jingo, his eleven wives, his cabinet and war chiefs, Captain Blout, and the missionary occupied a box brave in tropical decorations. The delight of the assembled Cocoans was unbounded as the tawdry splendor of the circus was displayed before them. The antics of the clowns, the skill of the bare-backed riders, the daring feats of the gymnasts, the intelligence of the performing dogs, and other acts aroused these simple savages to frenzied yells of applause and the clashing of spears.

Then came the climax, the entrance of that most gigantic and wonderful of elephants, the peerless "John L." assisted by Mr. William Simms, gorgeous in a flaming suit of red velvet. The elephant walked over him, the natives holding their breaths as each massive foot barely missed crushing him. "John L." waltzed to the cracked strains of an orchestra, raised his master high in the air with his trunk, and did other wonders never before equally appreciated.

Attendants then covered the ample bulk of "John L." with a huge and tinselled blanket, and to this was added a clanking and glittering war harness, after which eight men with much difficulty hoisted and adjusted the most ornate howdah ever conceived outside the brain of a romantic novelist.

"Ladies an' gentlemen," shouted old Bill Simms, ignoring the fact that not five in the audience could understand

a word of English, "ladies an' gentlemen, the performance will now conclude with a triumphant march round the ring, in which his R'ile Highness, yer gracious sov'reign, together with two or three of his favorite wives; yer affable missionary, the Reverend Reginald Jones, formerly of Ter Hut, Injiana; also the commander-in-chief of yer army an' navy, will all ride in that howdah, an' totin' 'em is as easy fer 'John L.' as pullin' a baby carriage. Step right this way, yer R'ile Highness, an' don't lose yer nerve!"

This addition to the regular performance had been planned in advance, and those selected left the royal box and were assisted up a ladder into the howdah. Highly burnished native spears were handed to each of the passengers, thus vastly enhancing the warlike effect. The missionary hesitated to lend himself to a duty so unpacific.

"Don't crab the act," pleaded Bill Simms. "Take a spear an' be a good feller," and the Reverend Jones reluctantly yielded to this appeal.

"John L." lifted his master to his place as mahout, astride the leathery neck with his legs covered by the folds of the great ears. Mr. Simms carried a spear in one hand and a goad in the other. The orchestra sounded the strains of "Hail to the Chief." "John L." started his lumbering stride around the ring, the howdah swaying with his uneven gait, the spears gleaming, the tinsel glittering, and the crowd so awed at the splendor of the spectacle that they forgot to cheer.

They had made half the circuit of the ring and were opposite the main exit when a distant shot was heard, followed instantly by a number of reports and an uncanny yell, then a savage dashed into the ring and shouted words which had a magical effect. King Laopepo and his warriors had attacked the village.

The armed portion of the audience slashed through the canvas walls in their eagerness to reach the open air and meet the invaders. The women set up wild cries and ran madly to and fro. The king was shouting at the top of his voice and vainly trying to find some way to reach the ground, but dared not jump.

"The king wants to get out and so do I," yelled the missionary, leaning over the front of the howdah.

"Tell the king that this is the best darned place in the world tew fight, an' that 'John L.' an' I are goin' intew action right now," old Bill Simms shouted back. "Stick tew yer perch, parson, an' I'll promise ye the time of yer life. Haw, 'John L.'; haw, darn ye, an' get a move on!"

The lumbering brute

moved rapidly through the exit, which now was clear. The warriors were hurriedly being drawn up in front of the palace, and Simms steered the elephant that way.

"I sure am gettin' a run fer my money on this island," he soliloquized, as he peered out into the gloom.

"It took a long time fer things tew begin happenin', but I've got no kick comin' lately."

From a distant grove of palms there came a fusillade of shots which did no damage, and then a fiendish chorus of yells as the naked warriors of King Laopepo charged across the broad court fronting the palace.

It must be explained that the interruption to "the triumphant parade" had robbed the spectators of a sight which had long been a special feature of Simms' International Circus and Menagerie, and of which Mr. Simms, its originator, was justly proud. Within the howdah was a powerful electrical battery, and on its framework and the connecting harness were hundreds of tiny incandescent globes, all of which glowed with light on the turning of a lever. With the regular circus lights suddenly turned low, and the mammoth form of "John L." thus coruscated, the effect was one which never failed to appeal even to the most blasé of audiences.

The front rank of the oncoming savages was visible when Bill Simms turned the switch and spoke words to "John L."

The advancing hosts of King Laopepo saw a flaming monster dash toward them. His eyes were two blazing red balls; his snake of a trunk writhed high in air, and from his throat came a trumpet blast which rocked the night air and which would have appalled King Richard of the Lion Heart. On his brow was an armed red devil with a white beard, and on his back was a burning castle filled with shrieking warriors, their naked skins bathed with an unearthly light.

It is no more than just that Mr. William Simms should be permitted to give his version of what followed.

"I reckon it was the funniest battle ever fought."



"How much you take for he?"



"The slickest head-first dive I ever seen"



The Home-Coming of the Wrights

Wilbur and Orville Wright and their sister were welcomed on May 11 by New York City on their return from a triumphal European tour. Two days later their city of Dayton, Ohio, conducted them home in a carriage at the head of a procession to the tooting of horns and the booming of cannon. They will soon "demonstrate" at Fort Myer



The "Saturday Review" is displeased with his "pre-occupation with the sick and old," which, it says, is "becoming morbid." It rebukes his "puling philanthropy." "We doubt whether he will be able to carry his Budget."

The "Spectator" disapproves of the whole affair, but says: "Those who are now howling should either not have approved or been so feeble in their opposition to old-age pensions, which are the cause of the whole trouble."

Lord Hugh Cecil calls the Budget "a rehearsal of the Day of Judgment."

After the various items—levying on income-tax payers, brewers, ground landlords, and motorists—have been studied, the dust and clamor raised by the Budget will be understood only by realizing that, wise or unwise, the Budget is a program of social reform. It is an attempt to lessen the almost unbearable burdens of those living in misery.

The Return of the Sky Pilots

TO A LAND that gave them scant honor and no contracts, the Wright Brothers return laden with trophy. As inventors of the first successful heavier-than-air machine, Wilbur and Orville Wright have had a triumphal tour on the Continent. More like royalty than anything else it was. In money they have made a fortune that would go far in Dayton, Ohio. As celebrities the crowd will gather and surge about them inside of ten minutes in any civilized country. They have won medals of honor and prizes for competitive success. And there are persistent rumors of contracts with the Governments of France, Italy, Germany, England, and Russia. Sixty aeroplanes of their design are now building.

The Wrights arrived at the port of New York on May 11. The dinner in their honor of the Aero Club on May 12 was notable in the absence of the men who should have been there. The brothers Wright made their customary two-minute speeches, tactful, modest, and non-informing. On the following day they went to their home in Dayton. President Taft presents to them gold medals, awarded by the Aero Club, on June 10 at the White House. At that time they will fly on the Fort Myer grounds. In the early fall they return to the hospitalities of Europe.

In answering a reporter's question about the future of the aeroplane, Orville Wright said: "I do not believe that the aeroplane will ever be a regular passenger carrier. Neither will it carry freight. Its province will be more in the nature of a special conveyance for quick transit, more like an automobile, only its operator will not have to confine himself to defined routes of travel."

The time is coming when the new product will be standardized. The Wrights have been quoted as establishing a minimum price for an aeroplane at \$7,500; and a price of \$25,000 for a high-speed and commodious cloud-skirter.

These men in their genius and modesty have "done us proud." It approaches the time when we should be willing to commit ourselves to official recognition. Even now we shall be almost the last of the nations.

Tuberculosis and the Employer

MANUFACTURERS in Worcester, Massachusetts, are open-minded men. In Worcester, city and county, enough of them have placed their names to a contract to affect the welfare of 20,000 employees. It was the result of a recent talk given at the factory of the Royal Worcester Corset Company by Dr. M. G. Overlock, State Inspector of Health. David Fanning, president of the company, announced that if any of his 1,200 employees fell ill of consumption he would receive thirteen weeks' treatment at the Rutland Sanatorium free of charge, at the expense of the corporation. This is the probationary period in the treatment of the disease. Mr. Fanning agreed in writing to pay the four dollars a week charged by the sanatorium. Other manufacturers followed him in signing the contract. The noonday talk by the health inspector is being continued through the sixteen health districts of the State, containing 22,000 manufacturing establishments. If the idea spread from district to district, from State to State, and from nation to nation, it would help to turn the fight against tuberculosis. The employer guaranteeing expert care of the employee means two things: the removal of the sufferer from proximity to a multitude of fellow workers and proper care for the patient.

The Disappearing Horse

WE SOMETIMES speak of the disappearing horse as if he were a white rhinoceros or a purple cow, or even a dodo—a memory of the Never-Never Land. "Nothing but motor-cars now," you can hear the people say. And yet it would puzzle a statistician to tell how many vehicles are horse-drawn and how many motor-propelled on the average public road.

A paper in the "Engineering News" gives the count. Seven typical highways in Rhode Island are chosen. On all but two of the seven roads there is a large excess of motor vehicles over horse-drawn vehicles. Over the seven roads, in eight hours, 1,262 motor vehicles and 695 horse-drawn vehicles passed. The touring cars of four to seven seats each were 848 in number. "Nearly all the horse-drawn vehicles were of light weight, and most of them had rubber tires."

The paper concludes by pointing out "the improbability of being able to effectually control the speed of motor-cars, especially in isolated districts, except by an extensive organization of State police."

Melodious Atlanta

FORTUNATE among cities is Atlanta, Georgia, to open her Auditorium-Armory with such golden voices as sang together in the Music Festival week of May 4. Geraldine Farrar, Olive Fremstad, Antonio Scotti, Riccardo Martin, and Zenatello were of those who



Holding Up a Nation's Mail

An episode in the May Paris strike of postal employees, some thousands of whom are claiming the right to unionize and affiliate with labor unions in private industry

aided in the formal dedication of a noble public building. The Auditorium seats 7,500 persons. On the opening night every seat was taken, and such an audience assembled as only a few cities of the world could have accommodated in a single public building. In addition to the world-famous "evening stars," the Auditorium chorus of five hundred voices sang "Tannhäuser" music, and the Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra of seventy-two musicians accompanied the various "numbers."

Atlanta is justifiably proud of her new building. No conference, convention, or musical assemblage that could crowd into London or Paris would overwhelm her. She is ready to play hostess to the world's best. The Atlanta "Constitution" says: "Perhaps it is not too ambitious even to look forward to the coming in the not very distant future of a great national political convention."

Raisin Day

SOME of the California newspapers are lamenting that California's Raisin Day has not made much of a sensation in Eastern circles. A sovereign commonwealth devised a playful dodge for advertising a home-grown product, and too much silence followed the effort. Here, then, is at least a slight attempt at amends.

Raisin Day was instituted and fittingly celebrated in several parts of California on April 30. Its purpose was to aid the raisin-producing counties, such as Yolo, San Diego, Tulare, Sutter, Fresno, and Kings, to market their crops and to advertise to the great world that in raisins California has a toothsome product.

In San Francisco the celebration was enthusiastic. All public eating-places sprinkled the menu with raisins.

Raisin sherbets and raisin cocktails cheered the sojourners in the palaces of drink. There were raisin luncheons and raisin dinners in clubs, hotels, and homes. One newspaper gave away to needy and greedy patrons 14,000 raisin sandwiches.

Fresno declared a half-holiday and enjoyed a night parade of illuminated automobiles—all for the cause.

George Meredith

IN THE death of George Meredith, on May 18, English letters have had one more grievous loss in a year of losses. Although recognition was tardy, in his closing years he was ranked as one of the great line of English novelists, continuing the tradition that opened with Richardson and Fielding, passed on with Smollett, and came to a full bloom with Trollope, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot. At no long distance, he was one of that procession.

George Meredith was born on February 12, 1828, in Hampshire, England. He received a portion of his education—a portion that was shaping in its effects on his intellect—in Germany. He began his active life with the study of law, but soon turned to journalism, and thence swung into literature, where he continued steady production in poetry, narration, and essays till the closing years of his life.

He opened his strictly literary career with a volume of poems published in the year 1851. In 1855 appeared his Oriental prose phantasy, "The Shaving of Shagpat"; in 1857 a medieval Germanic tale, "Farina."

It was just fifty years ago, in 1859, that Meredith published perhaps the supreme book of his career. He called it "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." It is doubtful if he ever touched the high places again with so sure and light a tread. The book proceeds at a rush, as if it were written in a single burst of the creative effort.

Its theme is the tragic outworking of a father's attempt to rear a boy on a theory. Some of the love passages descriptive of Richard and Lucy are among the most perfect bits of prose writing in the language. They have the rare merit of being lyrical without falling into the prose meters that deface some of the best work in Dickens, for instance.

And this novel was free from the crackling epigram and staccato style that are an annoyance to the fastidious reader and that limit popular appreciation.

In "Evan Harrington" he elaborated a satire on social discriminations, the chief character in which was the son of a tailor.

His "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside," appearing in 1862, showed that he had authentic though limited inspiration as a lyric poet. Throughout his poetry, as well as in almost all his prose, the intellectual quality is dominant—a talent for analysis, a desire to reveal the motives in human action, to probe conduct, the rendering of the "soft play of life

rather than itself."

In "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," Meredith wrote a romantic adventurous novel, with dashes of "high life" at court interspersed with gipsy wanderings. It is the predecessor and model of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the multitude of high-colored, swift-moving novels of adventure.

"The Egoist" has made the strongest appeal of any of Meredith's novels to the Brahmanic few who enjoy the spectacle of ruthless character analysis. The book is a piece of spiritual surgery performed upon the hero, Sir Willoughby Patterne, who believes that the world, and particularly the world of women, exists for the purpose of perpetual adoration of his excellencies.

The opening chapter is akin to Meredith's famous 1897 essay on "Comedy, and the Uses of the Comic Spirit" in its "appreciation" of the "comic spirit" in life.

"Diana of the Crossways" was the searching study of a witty and beautiful woman who revealed a Government secret to a newspaper.

This list, with "The Tragic Comedians," probably covers Meredith's most competent and lasting work. His study of Ferdinand Lassalle in "The Tragic Comedians" has been accepted by critics and social democrats alike as just and fair to the "tribune of the people."

Other of his novels are "Sandra Belloni," "Rhoda Fleming," "Vittoria," "Beauchamp's Career," "Lord Ormond and His Aminta." He also published later volumes of verse.

The closing years of his life Meredith lived in Flint Cottage, Boxhill, Surrey.

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE SENATE had its first line-up on an important matter when the vote was taken on free iron ore. And *that vote demonstrated that the Democratic Party in the Senate is even more demoralized than in the House—has bolted even farther and more riotously away from the ancient position of the Democracy as a party in opposition to the protective-tariff idea.* Among the traditions and principles of the Democratic Party free iron ore is one of the oldest and most conspicuous. When the Democrats last controlled the Lower House of Congress they passed a tariff, and in that tariff iron ore was free. When the bill went to the Senate free iron ore was changed to a duty of forty cents per ton; and that was one of the two changes which caused Grover Cleveland to cry "perfidy and dishonor."

The Reasons for Free Iron Ore

WHATEVER the reasons for free iron ore sixteen years ago, they are more than doubled now when by far the greater bulk of the available iron ore in the United States has passed within the monopoly of a single corporation. It was in recognition of this condition that Mr. Payne and his committee, in framing the present bill, put iron ore on the free list. With that status the bill passed the Lower House. In the Senate Mr. Aldrich's Finance Committee made the change to twenty-five cents a ton. In the debate on adopting or rejecting this change to twenty-five cents a ton, a Republican Senator from Michigan, Mr. Smith, argued for the duty as a protection to his local industry; a Republican from a State in exactly the same situation, Nelson of Minnesota, said his people did not need this duty, and argued that "if we want to build up independent competitors of the steel trust, we ought to give them this advantage" of free iron ore. Dolliver of Iowa made the same argument, saying:

"There is one thing which, in my judgment, will gradually shoot through and through the steel monopoly, if one exists in the United States, and that is to give American capital easy access to the materials out of which iron and steel are made."

The two promises of the Democratic Party, to fight monopoly and reduce tariff burdens, would be fulfilled by free iron ore.

Senators Who Voted for Free Iron Ore

FINALLY came the vote. That ballot found twenty-four Senators out of the ninety-one in all voting for free iron ore. These are their names:

Beveridge, R.	Culberson, D.	La Follette, R.
Borah, R.	Cummins, R.	Nelson, R.
Bristow, R.	Curtis, R.	Newlands, D.
Brown, R.	Dolliver, R.	Overman, D.
Burkett, R.	du Pont, R.	Rayner, D.
Clapp, R.	Gamble, R.	Shively, D.
Clarke, D.	Gore, D.	Smith (Md.), D.
Crawford, R.	Hughes, D.	Smith (S. C.), D.

Now mark this fact: out of those twenty-four who voted for free iron ore, fourteen are Republicans—more Republicans than Democrats are found fighting against protection on an important raw material. The ten Democrats on that list are the only ones among the entire party representation in the Senate who voted for free iron ore—ten Democrats out of thirty-two.

Are These Men Democrats?

THESE are the Democrats in the Senate who voted against free iron ore and in favor of a duty of twenty-five cents a ton. They compose nearly two-thirds of all the Democrats in the Senate:

Bacon of Georgia	Fletcher of Florida	Paynter of Kentucky
Bailey of Texas	Foster of Louisiana	Simmons of North Carolina
Bankhead of Alabama	Frazier of Tennessee	Stone of Missouri
Chamberlain of Oregon	Johnston of Alabama	Taliaferro of Florida
Clay of Georgia	McEnery of Louisiana	Taylor of Tennessee
Daniel of Virginia	Martin of Virginia	Tillman of South Carolina

A Matter of Fact

THIS paragraph deals with a question of fact. Whether or not there ought to be a tariff on crude oil is one question; whether the men who are in Washington advocating that tariff are Standard Oil agents, or

are independent producers, is another question. That there should be much confusion on the latter question is not surprising, since it has long been the custom of the Standard Oil Company to do business under many aliases, and to cloak itself in inscrutability. The matter is settled by the following paragraph from a letter written by Miss Ida M. Tarbell:

"There is no question in my mind of the entire independence of the oil producers and oil refiners who are now in Washington petitioning Congress for a duty on crude oil. I have known many of them all my life, and am more or less familiar with their business careers. As to their contention that free crude oil would be a serious handicap to them in their competition with the Standard Oil Company, and an advantage to the Standard, they are undoubtedly right, if Mexico turns out the tremendous oil producer that oil men are predicting. If the field does not develop as they seem to think it will, there is nothing in the world for them to fear from free crude. As you know, I am myself a thorough believer in free raw materials, including oil, and I wish that the independent oil men felt that they were in a strong enough position to risk free crude oil. Their courage would be a great help in tariff reform, for undoubtedly, as things look now, there will be much more reason for a duty on crude oil than there is for one on wool, hides, coal, or iron ore."

If Congress puts the tariff on crude oil, the consumer in the immediate future will pay more for his petroleum, just as he will pay more for

his steel and his clothes and his shoes if Congress puts a tariff on iron ore and wool and hides. So much is undeniable. Oil is in that respect on the same footing as other raw materials. A wonderful pool of oil, of unexampled richness, is discovered within a few hundred miles of the boundary of the United States. To make the path between this store of natural wealth and the citizen who uses kerosene just as broad and smooth as possible ought, it would seem, to be the most obvious function of Government. If it is true that doing this would play into the hands of a great monopoly, then there should be some more direct means of dealing with monopoly than through a high tariff. This is free-trade doctrine, and perhaps it is the counsel of perfection. On the other hand, for the independents who, during the past ten years, under favorable State and national legislation, have fought a slowly winning fight against a great monopoly, sympathy is human. And two matters of fact are clear: it is the independents—not the Standard Oil Company—who are asking for the tariff on oil; and a Congressman who votes for this tariff is in exactly the same position as one who votes for a tariff on lumber, or ore, or coal, or hides, and is entitled to credit for the same degree of good faith.

The Voiceless Consumer

SENATOR SIMMONS of North Carolina, defending his position in favor of the present tariff on lumber:

"I have had letters and telegrams by the hundred from the people of my State protesting against putting lumber upon the free list. I have had no letter to the contrary. It is said that the farmers are demanding cheaper lumber and expecting to get it. I have not had a single letter from a farmer of my State asking me to vote to have this duty removed or reduced."

There are more people who want cheap lumber to build homes than are engaged in selling lumber. But business is organized, vigilant, and working all the time. Not only do they flood Congressmen and Senators with letters and telegrams, inspired by painstaking committees; they fill the Washington hotels and crowd the corridors of the Capitol. Senator Aldrich was right when he said that ninety-nine out of every hundred people who appear before the Finance Committee ask to have the tariff raised. The rich, and those who work for the rich, are making themselves heard. The forlorn ineffectiveness of those who bear the burden of the tariff is a pathetic spectacle.

The Democratic Question

SENATOR ISIDOR RAYNER of Maryland, speaking:

"Where am I and what am I? These are the momentous problems that are surging in upon me. . . . Where do I stand? . . . Am I a Democrat, for instance, on free hides, and a Republican on peanuts? Am I a protectionist on zinc ore and pig-iron and a revenue reformer on pineapples?"

Senator Rayner is a Cleveland Democrat who believes in a tariff for revenue. There are few such Democratic Senators left.

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Although used in many well-known brands of foods, the greatest danger in this drug is that it permits the use of inferior raw materials, as well as slipshod, unsanitary methods. In short, it is safe to assume that its use indicates uncleanness or bad materials. It is never used to improve good materials. Does it mean anything to you that no manufacturer who uses Benzoate of Soda defends its use in his advertising?

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No person need accept a food containing Benzoate of Soda, for the law protects you by requiring its presence to be stated on the label. This statement is generally hidden in obscure type, an acknowledgment in itself of the maker's desire to conceal it. Read all type on labels; it is for you to choose whether food brought to your own table, or served to you on a public table, shall be drugged or not.

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IN the **TREMONT** there has been produced a collar that will meet 'most every man's idea of what a summer collar should be.

ARROW NON-CRACKABLE NON-SHRINKABLE QUARTER SIZE COLLARS

15 Cents—2 for 25 cents
20 cents each in Canada



CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, MAKERS OF CLUETT SHIRTS, 455 RIVER STREET, TROY, N. Y. SEND FOR STYLE BOOK

THE LATE PETER F. COLLIER

Founder and head of Collier's Weekly and the great publishing house which bears his name was a firm believer in Life Insurance.

HIS CONFIDENCE IN

The Prudential

WAS SHOWN BY HIS VOLUNTARY AND UNSOLICITED SELECTION OF THIS COMPANY

The following letter from his son and executor, Mr. Robert J. Collier, shows the wisdom of his choice:

Office of Collier's Weekly,
New York, May 4, 1909.

Hon. John F. Dryden, President,
The Prudential Ins. Co. of America,
Newark, N. J.

My Dear Sir:

Permit me to thank you, and through you The Prudential Insurance Company of America, for the very prompt receipt of checks for \$50,000 in full cash settlement of claim on the life of my father, Peter Fenelon Collier, who demonstrated his belief in Life Insurance in The Prudential by carrying policies in your Company for several years.

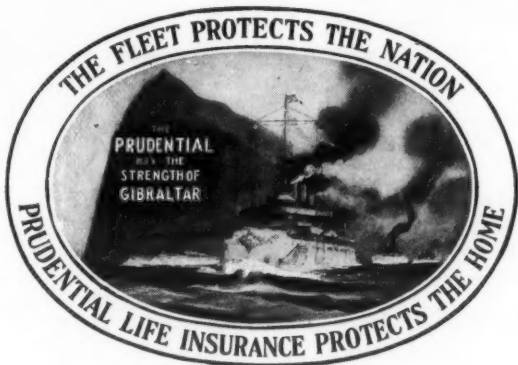
Proofs were completed and checks delivered the same day and your Company did everything possible to effect a quick payment of claim.

Assuring you of my appreciation,

I remain

Yours very truly,

Robert J. Collier



The Prudential pays claims small or large immediately upon the receipt of satisfactory proofs of death.

Total Payments to Policyholders Since Organization, Plus Amount Held at Interest to Their Credit, Over 313 Million Dollars!

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

Write for Information of New Low Cost Policy. Dept. 27

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

Why It Pays to Buy Sea Lion Leather Belting

First cost and maintenance cost of belts are two very different things. That's why you save money getting Sea Lion Belting. It costs you a trifle more to begin with, but it lasts enough longer to more than make up for the initial cost. If you require a belt that will stand live steam, water conditions such as leaking roofs, burning pipes or flooded wheel pits and the trying humidity of a warm climate—in fact any of the conditions that so quickly knock out an ordinary belt—

SEA LION
Guaranteed Waterproof
Leather Belting

Is the only kind you can afford to buy. We cut it from the choicest oak tanned hides on the market—using only center stock. Every process in the making is done with utmost thoroughness and care. The laps are joined by our own process of cement under 3,000 lbs. hydraulic pressure to the square inch, so that you could tear the leather sooner than separate the joints by any tensile strain. We sell it under a guarantee equally as liberal to the user as we place on our Oak Tanned Reliance Leather Belting and that means every foot is guaranteed and that we will repair or replace any belt defective in stock or workmanship; and in addition to the above we guarantee the laps against opening up on account of either water or steam. We are also manufacturers of Reliance, Sterling, Imperial and Dynamo brands of belting—which are just as good value for different purposes. Write us about your belt needs. We will advise you and send you a book on belting.

Chicago Belting Co.,
16 So. Green St., Chicago
Branches—New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland, Ore.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH

The only polish combining the best properties of liquids and pastes.

No Turpentine
No Acids

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Ltd.,
Buffalo, N. Y. Hamilton, Ont.

10¢
At All Dealers

"THE GARTER WITH THE HOLES"

The Knee-Drawer Garters
PAR EXCELLENCE

"Perforated"
Semi-Elastic Garter

This garter embodies all the best features of The Perforated Leather Garter with the addition of an inserted strip of elastic which gives that elasticity preferred by some. The Garter is faced and lined with our perspiration-color proof fabric, and is metal free. 50 Cents a Pair.

For sale at your dealer's, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

CROWN SUSPENDER COMPANY, Dept. C, 836 Broadway, N. Y.

"Coatless" Suspender

Under the Overshirt—Over the Undershirt.

The only practical and satisfactory Summer Suspender, made to be worn under the shirt. Always invisible. Easy to put on and take off. Cool, comfortable and negligible.

Beware of imitations—The genuine are stamped "Coatless," patented July 4, 1906.

50 Cents a Pair.

WILBUR'S VANILLA CHOCOLATE BUDS

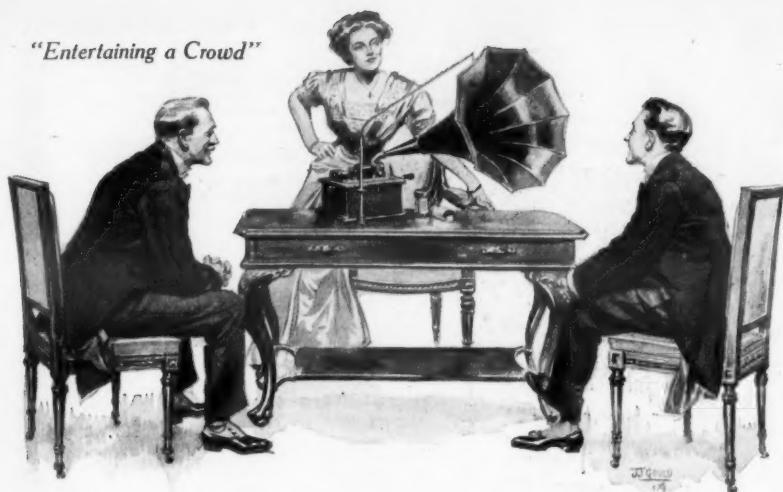
Little foil wrapped forms of solid chocolate, deliciously flavored and possessing that smooth melting quality to be found only in the very highest class.

Look for the Cupid Trade Mark inside the foil wrapper. All others are imitations.

Buy of your druggist or confectioner, or send us one dollar for a pound box prepaid. Or a sample box for 30c. in stamps and your dealer's name.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, INC.
Cocoa Manufacturers
235 North Third St. Philadelphia, Pa.

"Entertaining a Crowd"



Songs and music never before offered in Record form can now be had in AMBEROL RECORDS for

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

MUCH of the world's best music has heretofore been too long for any record of any sound-reproducing instrument. If used, it had to be cut or hurried.

Such music, executed as the composer intended it, is now offered in Edison Amberol Records.

Amberol Records play twice as long as standard Edison Records and longer than any other records of any kind.

Thus Amberol Records bring to Edison Phonograph owners an exclusive and unusual list of songs and musical selections.

The new Edison Phonographs play both the standard Edison Records and the Amberols. Any Edison phonograph (except the Gem) can be changed to play both at a small expense by asking your dealer.

No instrument, except the Edison Phonograph, plays Amberol Records; so if you want the music that Amberols have made possible, your instrument must be an Edison Phonograph.

Any Edison dealer will play these new Amberol Records for you and supply you with both Phonograph and Records.

These people are among the greatest entertainers in their lines in the country



Marshall P. Wilder



Ada Jones



Mabel McKinley

You know them, at least by reputation. They have spent the best part of their lives in perfecting themselves for the sole purpose of entertaining others.

They represent a few of the artists now contributing to the monthly programs offered in the form of Edison Records. The owner of an Edison Phonograph commands the services of this array of talent; not for himself alone, but for his family and friends; not on occasions, but all of the time.

If all of the artists who have contributed to the June list of Edison Records were billed to appear at a single performance, neither distance nor price could keep you away. There are forty June Records (twenty of them Amberols). Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

National Phonograph Co., 12 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.



Harry Lauder



Billy Murray



Will Oakland



Grace Cameron



Anthony & Harrison



Manuel Romain








S/W OFFICE SAFEGUARDS

The impression created upon a customer's mind when entering a first-class office where the clerical work is being conducted in a quiet orderly manner, inspires far greater confidence in the ability of the management, than where there is evidence of rush and worry because of unfiled papers, neglected correspondence, unsightly books, etc.

Wherever **Globe-Wernicke** Filing Cabinet Equipment is installed to any considerable extent, one is very apt to find strict office regulations cheerfully observed, because of the greater convenience due to our mechanical devices and safeguards.

Therefore, those who have the responsibility of the work give it the preference, and you find **Globe-Wernicke** Office Equipment used more generally than any other.

Your inquiry for any particular outfit will be given careful and individual attention.

Goods are carried in stock by authorized agents in principal towns and cities, but where not represented we ship on approval freight paid.

Prices uniform everywhere — Write for catalogue C 808.

The Globe-Wernicke Co. CINCINNATI

Branch Stores: NEW YORK 380-382 Broadway CHICAGO 324-328 Wabash Ave. BOSTON 91-93 Federal St.

COLORADO



Cool Colorado is the Land of real vacations

Six thousand miles of trout streams; mountain peaks which make the Alps green with envy; and air—why a few lung fulls of Colorado air are alone worth a trip across the continent.

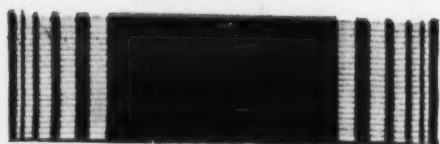
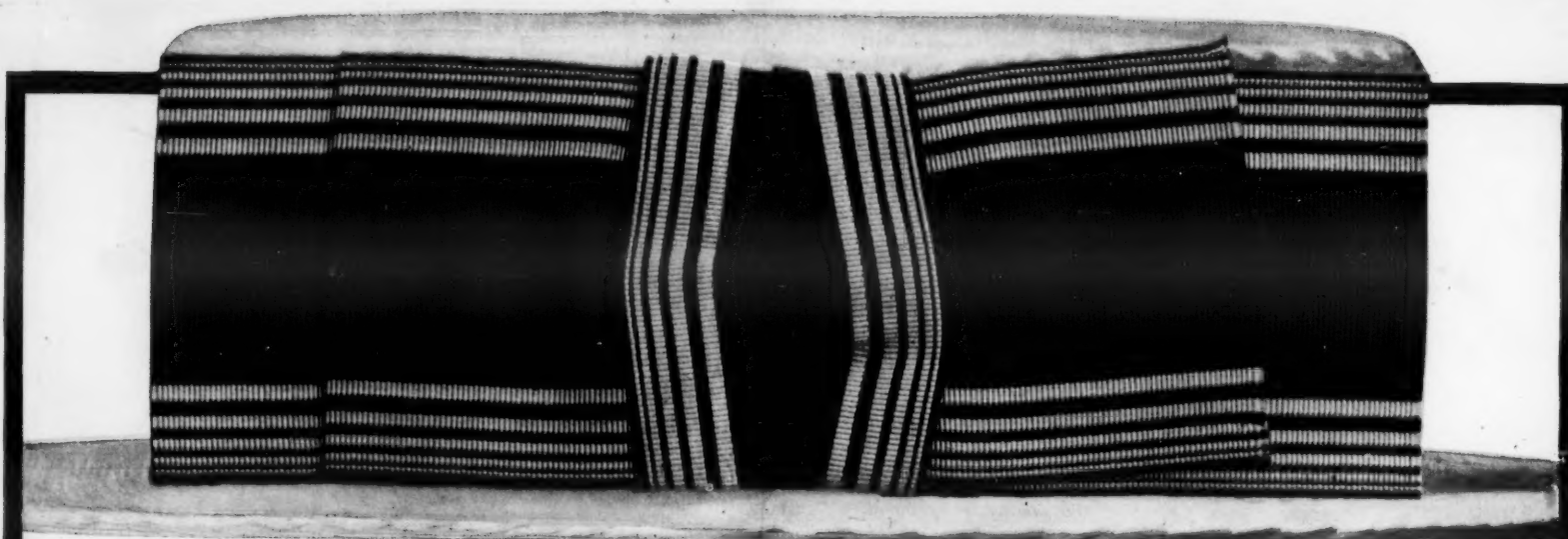
The Rocky Mountain Limited
—with stenographer, maid, barber and valet—makes the trip easy; actually a pleasure in itself. One night out from Chicago—two from the Atlantic Coast. Several other splendid trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham.

Can you afford not to go?

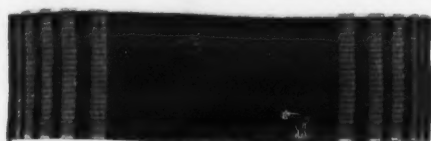
Write for our new eighty page illustrated book which tells how inexpensively you can spend a few weeks in the Rockies. Our folder "Through Scenic Colorado and Yellowstone Park to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition" is also free for the asking.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager
5 La Salle Street Station, Chicago, Ill.

Rock Island-Frisco Lines



75¢



Pattern 1929 75¢ Any Color



75¢

WICK FANCY HAT BANDS

Top Off Your Costume with a Fancy Band

Men are showing more color in their garb. Fashion decrees taupe or olive or green this Summer. Be sure of having the **correct shades** in your hat band. Get the WICK Band.

It's the Wick Band you see on the smartest hats—Fifth Avenue, Palm Beach, London, Paris, Vienna. Suit your taste to a dot out of the two hundred and fifty exclusive **new** Wick designs, for this season. Classy Zigzag Bands—stripes, cords and raised figures. Over 2,000 patterns always in stock. Wick Fancy Hat Bands are sold by up-to-date dealers all over the world.

Modish Dressers Wear 2½-inch Band

A Band that Covers the Whole Crown of a Straw Hat—All Colors—75 Cents

Wick Fancy Hat Bands are heavy grosgrain silk ribbon. Fasten in a jiffy with Wick's Patented "little hooks" (all rights reserved). Fit any size hat—Panama, Straw, Telescope, or Slouch. Lie flat and smooth. Do not slip, stretch or grow baggy, or pull in creases. Correct colors that keep fresh and bright. Fashion colorings to match your Spring suits, College and Club colors, Fancy Stripes, Cords, Raised Figures, genuine Scotch Plaids, Bayaderes and Quiet Browns, Grays and Black and White effects. All 2-inch Bands 50 cents—2½-inch Bands 75 cents—from any of the 10,000 Wick dealers in the country.

Send Coin or Stamps

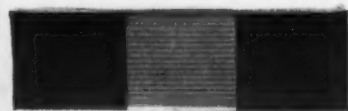
50 cents for each 2-inch Band. 75 cents for each 2½-inch Band

Tell us what you want—or just specify the colors and leave the rest to us. We'll send you the **latest thing**—and our book of color combinations that tells all about the cheery Wick Fancy Hat Band.

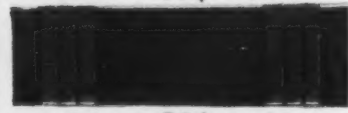
Wick is hat-band authority to the exclusive clubs—to good dressers in all parts of the world. He watches the fashion centers for the new colors. He controls the looms. He keeps his stock right up to the minute—new patterns every month. A hundred thousand dollars' worth **always** on hand. Wick can fill your order for **any band** at an hour's notice.

Look for the Wick Label inside every Genuine Wick Band. All dealers are authorized to give free with every \$1.00 purchase of Wick Fancy Hat Bands our famous Athletic Poster by Edward Penfield—four feet long in five colors. Give your name to your dealer, and we will send you the Poster direct.

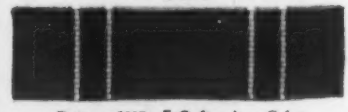
WICK NARROW FABRIC COMPANY, 726 Market Street, Philadelphia



Pattern 364 50¢ Any Color



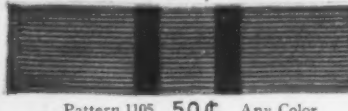
Pattern 378 50¢ Any Color



Pattern 1987 50¢ Any Color



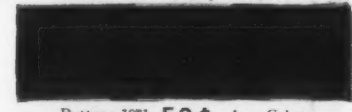
Pattern 1969 50¢ Any Color



Pattern 1105 50¢ Any Color



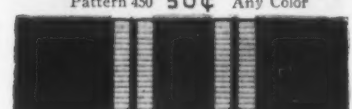
Pattern 1598 50¢ Any Color



Pattern 1971 50¢ Any Color



Pattern 450 50¢ Any Color



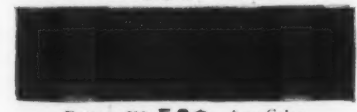
Pattern 564 50¢ Any Color



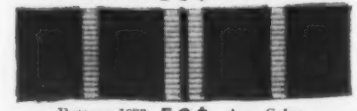
Pattern 567 50¢ Any Color



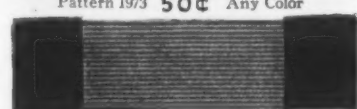
Pattern 1616 50¢ Any Color



Pattern 216 50¢ Any Color



Pattern 1973 50¢ Any Color



Pattern 620 50¢ Any Color



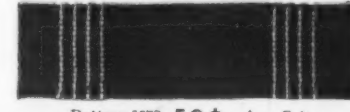
Pattern 576 50¢ Any Color



Pattern 1902 50¢ Any Color



Pattern 455 50¢ Any Color



Pattern 1975 50¢ Any Color



Pattern 1160 50¢ Any Color



Pattern 1977 50¢ Any Color